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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dramas of the Ancient World. By David Lindsay. Edin. 1822. Blackwood. 8vo. pp. 378.

The character of this publication is very problematical. The titles of the pieces it contains, and the name assumed by the Author, put upon it the impress of a pleasantry; but in the compositions themselves there is no mark of jocularity, and the whole seems to be as well and as gravely done as the writer's powers allowed, except where haste has had the not singular effect of making him prolix, for we often see that persons in a hurry try to substitute lubberly bulk for polished compression.

It is an old Scottish saying, when meant to question any assertion—"Where did you find that? there's no such a word in a' Davie Lindsay;" a saying probably derived from the early reformers, whose great oracle that ancient bard was in the middle of the 16th century; but we suspect that his volunteer nameson will never become so popular as to lead to a like facetia. Yet the pen employed on these dramas is an able engine, and could an if it would execute nobler conceptions in a nobler manner. There are fine passages of poetry in the volume, but its general tone is languid; and we are tempted to believe that the Author, some man of genius and a ready versifier, sat down, on hearing of certain subjects about to be treated by Lord Byron or others, and wrote straight on, without any preparation or much correction, nearly every page of the *Dramas of the Ancient World*. If this supposition be near the truth, it will account both for the beauties and the defects of the poems; and we are inclined by our admiration of the former to think that the latter are rather attributable to this cause, than to the want of talent assigned in their advertisement. This prefix says,

It may be necessary for me to say something respecting the singular coincidence of my having chosen the same subjects as LORD BYRON for two of my *Dramas*. I entreat permission to assert, and credit when I do assert, that it is entirely accidental: that my *Dramas* were written long before LORD BYRON's were announced,—before I could have had any idea that his brilliant pen was engaged upon the *Drama* at all. The inferiority of the execution of mine may perhaps lead me to regret that I have selected the same subjects, otherwise I never can lament any coincidence with the admired Author of *MANFRED* and *CHILDE HAROLD*.

We confess it is not grateful to our minds to suspect, as we must do, that this is merely a jest. The volume is too long for a piece of humour, and the uncertainty

whether a writer is in sport or earnest greatly abates any pleasure to be derived from his labours. Here we have "*The Deluge*," the title of a poem announced by Barry Cornwall; "*The Plague of Darkness*," "*Sardanapalus*," and "*Cain*," all three similar to publications of Lord Byron, which the writer must previously have seen or heard of; "*The Nereids' Love*," resembling a performance of Mr. Leigh Hunt's, the precise appellation of which we have forgotten; and "*Rizpah*," with whose prototype, if it has one, we are unacquainted. So many coincidences could not be fortuitous, and the idea of a Quiz rises, in spite of the Author's affirmation, to damp if not destroy the conviction which it is so essential to a poet his readers should entertain of his sincerity and devotedness. We are not apt to cry at the pathos of a person when we plainly see that he is, to use a common adage, laughing in his sleeve at us, and at his own acting.

Having said so much on the mode of this production, we shall now proceed to the duty of detaching examples of those beauties which are scattered over it, however hastily got up or ill concocted.

The Deluge relates to the Egyptian and Chaldean races of men, at that tremendous epoch; it embraces the loves of mortals with angelic beings, introduces Noah and the ark, and in its catastrophe involves the destruction of Firaoun, a wicked despot of the seed of Cain. A prophetic warning of Noah is thus couched,

----- Doubt me not! —
The universal horror is at hand; —
The waters, now, are struggling to break forth
From their enforced bondage;—they will tear
A passage through the bosom of the earth,
And cover all her creatures!—Earth is sick!
Sick of the crimes of man;—and she hath pray'd
To die! And her Creator will accord
That prayer, and bid her sufferings cease!
And he will pour into her bruised breast
The bitter draught of death, and she will die,
And all things will die with her! Now, I go
Unto my task appointed, to forewarn
The blood-besotted king of Mesre's land,
That judgment is approaching;—like to you,
He will bemoan my warning, but like yours
Shall not his judgment be, for hell is gaping,—
The nether world by him unknown or scorn'd,—
And will not be defrauded of her prey,
But share it with the waters. Now, I go,
And go from you, for ever! —

The following dream of Firaoun is still finer, though its resemblance to Byron's *Darkness* is visible.

In my sleep,
Methought I sat upon my golden throne,
And all my lords around me. Music spake
Sweetly my praises, and my people join'd,
Voicing my triumphs with the instruments

In harmony celestial. Suddenly,
An awful voice, unlike the tones of man,
Summon'd them from my presence. One by one
They went,—and ne'er return'd,—for by his name
Was each man summon'd!—I beheld them go,
And angrily, but had no power to stay,
Nor time to shun the voice;—they went, and I
Was left alone upon my golden throne,
In my deserted hall!—Then I grew sad,
And went abroad to find some human face,
That might convince me I was not alone.—
But I found none!—not one! and I was there
The sole, lone, living thing!—The king of death
Had traversed my realms, and all my friends
Had follow'd in his train—Mankind was dead!
The world of animals partook their doom,
For in unnatural quietness they lay,
The tiger, and the lamb, at rest together;
And all the air was dark'ned by the swarms
Of birds that dropp'd around me, without wound.
They fell, and died before me! the trees groan'd,
And shook with dying agonies, and, anon,
They were all bare and blasted, and expir'd
With hideous crashings! The plants shrunk and
vanish'd

Quite from the lap of earth.—The flowers wither'd,
And earth's green mantle, studded with bright buds,
Was chang'd to one of black! a robe of mourning,
Which cover'd all her form.—The sun was gone,
And in his place I saw a gap in heaven,
From which there flow'd a cataract of fire,
As it would fall to purify the earth,
And be the grave of all things! Then I shriek'd,
And ran unto my home, but one pursued.
I knew not whence he came, nor what his form,
But giant-like his step—and his swart arm
Was as a god's for might;—he held me fast,
And with a scourge, of living serpents fram'd,
Tore off my quivering flesh, and I had strength
Only for groans and prayers: They were not heard,
And in that mortal agony I woke.

An apostrophe of Chasalim, a dungeon prisoner, to darkness, is in the same admirable tone.

----- Well, let me not fear;
Time be my hope;—till then this darkness is
Design'd my punishment. The king's it might be,
But not Chasalim's!—What is there in thee,
Thou awful shade, to terrify the just?
For me thy womb doth not bring forth sad shades
Of murder'd victims, nor a host of fiends
To madden me with mockeries!—I have peopled
The darkness with a world of my creation,
And now I sit, the sole, lone, human king
O'er thousand phantom subjects!—But their forms
Are beautiful to me!—Imagination,
The elder-born of darkness, the wild child
Of night and solitude, is busy now
Shaping a world of loveliness for me,
Where I am monarch, and Semronda sits [Night!
Crown'd like the Queen of Angels!—Ancient
I love thy solemn shade, the sacred thoughts
Thy being doth engender—thou unborn
And uncreated,—for thou wast of old
Ere gaudy Day was made!—Thou wast primeval.
Great monarch of the deeps, from whose firm
throne,
To chase thee, did the Eternal Spirit come,

Rob'd in his majesty of strength and power!
Of these were all things born!—To thee they die!—
Thou art the first and last!—the womb,—the
grave,

Are each of thy great empire!—Ancient father!
Most venerable king, I honour thee;
And court thy shade, not fear it!—

These quotations will suffice to shew that the writer is possessed of a vivid poetical fancy, and strong powers of language. There is an indifferent scene, as far as dramatic propriety is concerned, in which Firaoun murders Semronda the adored of Chasalin, and exposes her corpse to her lover: we transcribe only a short passage, as it strikes us to be an imitation of Barry Cornwall, and probably intended to show that an anticipation of his *Deluge* was aimed at. Chasalin says,

----- Death hath gather'd
The flower I lov'd to wear, within his bosom,
Enamour'd of its fragrance, and his breath
Hath wither'd not its beauty!—Oh! how gently
He bow'd his cold regality to woo,
And she hath grown enamour'd of his kiss,
And met it smilingly.—See how she lies
On his chill breast, as though upon a bank
Of sunshine and sweet flowers!—Royal Death!
King of pale loveliness, thou hast a spouse
Worthy of thy high greatness.

The conclusion of this drama has much to admire, mixed with blemishes incident to the haste we have presumed to assign. The waters of heaven and earth, for instance, are to burst and meet together

"Swallowing in their fierce course, earths, oceans,
seas;"

which is pure bathos; but we cannot attend to the details where there is so much ground to go over.

The *Plague of Darkness* originally appeared (among other plagues, as the Whigs say) in *Blackwood's Magazine*. *Rizpah* is founded on 2 Samuel, chap. xxi. and represents the lamentations of that wretched mother for the sacrifice of her sons by David and the Gibeonites. We present one of the most striking continuous passages as a specimen.

Joab.

But they are dead!

Rizpah. I know it! know it now;—but once I thought

My noble sons but slept,—and when I heard
That Israel's king had called forth the sons
Of him, his sometime master, I did fear
Something, I know not what, of danger,—but
Then hope came smiling, and with her a train
Of long remembrances, how once the dead
Were dear to Jesse's son, and how he swore
Peace with the house of Saul; and then I sent
My fair young blossoms, that the kindly arms
Of Judah's cedar might encircle them,
And that beneath his royal spreading shade
They might in safety blow!—Then came a cry
How Benjamin was bleeding by the stroke
Of the slave traitor Gibeon. Then I flew
Unto Jerusalem, and heard the wrath
Of God had pass'd away; that Famine's rage
Was glutted, and her hunger quell'd by blood,—
Blood the most precious in all Israel's land,
For the majestic Saul had died anew
In his young beauteous sons. And then I rush'd
Rapidly through the city, while the shouts
And screams of men pursued me. This I heard,
But heeded not, but onward, onward flew,

Until I reach'd this spot, and there I found
Alone, deserted, murder'd, as thou see'st,
Mine own—my all!

I number'd each pale form,
And bade them rise and speak. They did arise,
And with unearthly utterings each blue lip
Did shake and shiver, and I heard strange sounds,
But nought of words or sense; and then came down
Strange bursts of laughter, and afraid I crept
Close to the dead, and hid my face upon
Armoni's mangled bosom. I had slept,
But that I felt it heave, and then I sprang
Up from my bloody bed, and to the rest
Ran, shrieking loud, for help to bind the wound.
But they heard not, or would not answer me,
And mock'd my grief by smiles, or silence grim,
And stillness, till unto my labouring heart
Came the black truth, "Thy sons are dead! dead!"
And then I shriek'd in horror, and a voice [dead!]
Sweeping around me, rising, as from earth,
Or from the breasts of all my sons at once,
Cried loudly, "Tis the deed of Israel's God,
And of his chosen David;" but I clos'd
Mine ear against the sound, and my clench'd hand
Smote on my labouring breast, and deeply down
For'd that detested thought; and then I rais'd
My dim eye to the Heavens, and cried aloud,
"Praise to the God of Jacob." Then I grew
Calmer and tranquil, and upon the rock
I sat among the dead, and watch'd the change
I saw them undergo. By day I strode
Around my sons, and with my fierce look, scar'd
The savage beasts of prey. They shunn'd me, for
I was more fell than they; they dar'd not war
With the wild desperate mother.—When the dews
Of night fell on the earth, I wip'd the damps
From their cold brows, and when the unclean birds
Came swooping for their food, my shrieks and cries
Scar'd them, though famine-struck, away; and then
Rose the cold moon, and I was happy, for
She play'd upon their lips, and gave them life;
And they arose, and held communion sad
With me, and with each other; then I pray'd
That night might last for ever; but the sun
Came all unwill'd, and with his cruel fire
Shrunk up the sinews of my beauteous sons,
And dried their unclod'd eyes.—I rose and press'd
My fingers on their eye-lids;—they refus'd
To me obedience, for they shrunk away,
Drawing their friendly covering from the dim
And staring eye-ball, that, with dismal glare,
Fix'd on my living eye. How did I joy,
When the pale moon, again on their van brows,
Pour'd once more light and life. Then, as I watch'd,
I saw a mighty form, with solemn step,
Striding among the fallen, and I bow'd
My head unto the earth with wondrous joy,
And awful gratulation, for I knew
The solemn majesty of that crown'd shade,
The father of the dead! I saw them speak,
But heard them not; yet, all the weary night,
The kindly form was watching; and, at day,
He vanish'd, looking piteously on
The wretch, whose woeful task he deign'd to share
And lighten. She, who once to him was—but
That was a dream, a long forgotten thought;—
This—horrible reality!

From *Sardanapalus* we shall take no specimen, as its general languor is the mere sing-song of heroic verse, such as any man of common ability might sit down and write as readily as a prose letter. *The Destiny of Cain* in two parts is pretty much of the same tenor, though with a few brighter flashes to illumine its shadowy flatness. Our preceding extracts might seem to falsify our judgment, but this can be explained by the circumstance of our exhibit-

ing only the prominences, and leaving the desert without a record; for our own sakes however we will quote one of the best parts of Cain, to prove that the level is wondrously little broken. Youths and maidens fly on the first entry of the fratricide, and he, "*rushing in wildly*," exclaims, in phraseology low and unfit for the occasion,

----- Stay, reptiles, stay!

Things of the earth, provoke not my fell wrath!
Wake not my vengeance; let me not pursue.—
They shun me,—fly!—I will o'ertake them, and
Render them to atoms!—Scatter their torn limbs
To air,—to earth,—to water!—What! by all!
Cursed of God,—the outcast of my father,—
The banish'd of my brethren,—and now, scorn'd
By these light insects, these gay fluttering sons
Of mine own parent stock,—it shall not be.
I will a desert make of this sweet world,
To fit it for my own abode; for I
Will curse it for their sakes, as I am curs'd;
Sweep from its shining face those happy forms
That mock my deep-thron'd misery!—I am lord
Of anguish, and of death!—My mighty arm
Dealt the first blow!—First, o'er the life of man
Terrific away'd, and hurl'd him back to dust,
His wretched origin. I have unlock'd
The gates of the dark world, and stern alliance
I hold with all its inmates. I am lord
Of them and theirs; and, like their lord, I will
Traverse this world but for its devastation,
Unpeopling its vallies, to dispatch
Inhabitants to those black shades, where waits,
Lonely and sad, one victim. I will on,
Pursue, destroy;—I will walk o'er this earth,
And leave the track of footsteps dyed in blood;
I will sweep off all living from her face,
And be but one!—alone! Azura shunn'd me,
Fled from my horror-breathing sight, and sought
The bosom of her father.—What is there
Now left of hope for me, not peace!—Ha, power!
What if I spare these gaudy sons of joy,
Who sing away their lives in gentle shades,
And live their master!—Yes, dominion shall
Blot out remembrance, and softer thoughts
Be banish'd by its powers. Hope and love
Died with the murder'd Abel!—Rage and strength
Live with the wanderer Cain. Come, objects, come,
Wretches return, provoke me not to tear
Your fear-bound bodies from the dreary caves
Where ye lie crouching! Trust not my fierce hands;
They that spar'd not a brother, will not pause
To dash your dainty forms against the rocks,
Spoiling the symmetry of those light limbs,
And leaving them a bleeding lump of clay,
Like his who—horrible remembrance, die!
Let me a moment rest—one moment stay
In these soft groves untortur'd!—Hark! the roar
Of the denying thunder, and the earth
Shakes, while I pause upon her breast.—On! on!
Not here my place of refuge!

Hamlet's answer to Polonius, "What read you there, my Lord?"—"Words, words, words," is most applicable here. The Author has in vain tried to lash himself up to the elevation of his subject, and instead of deep feeling we are amused with a fantastic Cain pursuing a train of thought on his being Lord of murder till it is worn quite threadbare.

Cain visits the peaceful land of Jared, but is driven from it, and the first part concludes with the following stanzas.

----- Roll, oceans, roll!

Part us for ever from the bloody eye,
Which seal'd the heavy curse of destiny,

And pour'd the night of Death upon the soul;
Yea, mountains high between us and the foe,
Who first hath made th' ensanguin'd fountain flow,
Roll, oceans, roll!

Roll, oceans, roll!

Beard some desolate and distant shore,
The man who feels humanity no more,
Who bears the linked demon with his soul!
Yea, wide between us and that distant land,
Which yields its stores unto that spotted hand,
Roll, oceans, roll!

The second part is the *Death of Cain*, in which we have another Lucifer called Azazel. Cain however rejects him, and hurries in frenzy to the grave of Abel. His repentance here is described in a style which leaves us no choice, and we copy the speech as the most redeeming in a heavy drama.

Cain. My brother's grave
Is now my place of rest, for never more
Shall I forsake that home.—This is the bed
Where I shall sleep for ever.—Hark,—there is
A voice which whispers to my soul, and cries,
"Thy wanderings are past, here lie these down
For thy last expiation."—God, I pray thee,
Let not this be a mockery, for thou see'st
How all reject me. It is thy decree,
And now I murmur not; but, if thy will
Summon me not, I shall devoted stand
Alone again, the outcast of the earth,
The loath'd of all her sons. My strength is gone,
And the dark fiend that doth beset my soul
Whispers me of despair. Oh, help me, God!—
The spurn'd of all, I turn me back to thee!—
Give me not up to Hell. My punishment
Hath mighty been, and mightily I have
Borne the severe decree. My bloody hands,
Now purified by suff'ring, I upraise
From that deep bed where the slain victim lies,
Unto thine eye,—avert it not, Oh God!
The red stain is effaced!—Oh look down,—
Look down with mercy on me;—if my pangs
Have been an expiation,—if my soul
Be scourg'd not as my body, but may rest
Cur'd of its wounds upon thy healing breast,—
Then, call me from this earth,—arm thy right hand
With thy tremendous bolt, and strike me dead!
Come, vivid lightning, spare no more this head,
But crumble it to cinders, and upon
Thy wing of glory, bear my mounting soul,
To seek for pardon at th' Almighty's throne.
Come, God of justice—God of mercy, now
Accept the sacrifice I place upon
This grave become thine altar; thou didst spurn
The first I offer'd, let this one, this last,
Find favour in thy sight. O Lord, come down,
Burn, and consume the victim.

[Darkness, thunders, and lightnings.]

His prayer is granted, the victim consumed,
and his ashes scattered to the winds.

The *Nereids' Love* is a short piece of a classical kind, but we have left ourselves no room for even a short exemplification; and must commit this Work to its public fate without further remark.

History of Cultivated Vegetables; comprising their Botanical, Medicinal, Edible and Chemical qualities; Natural History; and relation to Arts, Science, and Commerce. By Henry Phillips, author of the *History of Fruits* known in Great Britain. London, 1822. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn & Co.

Mr. PHILLIPS is very advantageously known to the public by his former work, which,

though defective and erroneous in parts, yet possesses so much of curious information and useful instruction as to be very generally acceptable to almost every class of readers. The volumes now offered are equally deserving of praise. They treat of vegetables, their culture and qualities; as the other did of fruits, their growth and properties. The author has bestowed similar pains in digging into ancient writers for the opinions of antiquity on the vegetable world, the strange ideas entertained of the medical effects of particular plants, the superstitions connected with others, and the domestic purposes to which all that were known at certain eras were applied. This research, mixed as it is with the statement of recent discoveries, and the results of an improved system always creating new varieties, forms altogether a mass of intelligence at once entertaining in the perusal, and replete with matter that may be turned to pleasure and profit in the every-day routine of life. Perhaps an intimate acquaintance with the proceedings of that excellent Institution, *The Horticultural Society*, would have enabled him to make important additions to his plan, by noticing very late and, we may say, extraordinary advances, both in the propagation of new kinds of natural productions, and the importation of rare exotics. In these respects a great deal has been done within a few years; and it is probable that in a few more the face of the kitchen garden will exhibit so many novel features as hardly to be recognized by the remaining traces of its quondam lineaments, for the thing described by not very ancient herbalists.

There is one blame which we attach to Mr. Phillips' book, but it is of an extrinsic nature. It is too fine in type, paper, and shape, for its genus in literature. Two large octavos, in which the little bed of text is planted between broader alleys of margin, do not appear to us to be the best form for a work of this order, which would be more in rule as a single volume, like *Cookery Books* and publications of a similar character. It is calculated to be popular, and will probably after the first impression assume a popular size and price; in the meantime, it merits will commend it to those who need not be fastidious about the cost at which they seek the *utile et dulce*.

In this *History of Vegetables* (as the Preface informs us)—

Considering the almost infinite variety of plants which are cultivated for use or pleasure, the Author has thought it expedient to select those familiar plants which seem entitled to the most general attention. He has also introduced some species of vegetables that are not strictly cultivated, but whose services and singular properties render them worthy of notice.

Following the arrangement thus adopted, and an alphabetical order, Mr. Phillips also deserves credit for divesting his subject of technicals to a considerable extent, few being left except medical phrases, and the chemical portion of the work not going sufficiently deep to require the nomenclature of that science. The *on dits* of preceding authors with

which the treatise is copiously interspersed, serve rather to amuse us than to lead to any practical conclusion; but it would have prodigiously enhanced the worth of these points had opinions been superadded, founded on experiment and experience. As it is, they are mere reports, and what may be vitally interesting to domestic economy or science appears not, since the most vague and the most valuable are alike thrown out without comment or decision. This stamps the character of the *History*: it is a narrative of events rather than a compendium of knowledge—we find the facts, whether true or false, and are left to make our own application of them, very seldom guided by the author. But he does occasionally favour us with useful counsel, and much may be gathered from what he has collected and placed before us, according to a very agreeable disposition, as the annexed selections will show. There is no English work on Plants prior to the 16th century.

The English surgeons and apothecaries began to attend to the cultivation of medicinal herbs in the time of Henry the Eighth. Gerard, the father of English herbalists, had the principal garden of those days, attached to his house in Holborn, and which we think was in existence as late as 1659; for on the 7th of June in that year, Evelyn mentions in his *Diary*, that he "went to see the foundation laying for a street and buildings in Hatton Garden, designed for a little town, lately an ample garden."

Gerard mentions several private herb-gardens in 1597, but does not notice any public establishment for the encouragement of his art. We therefore presume that Oxford has to boast of the earliest public physic-garden in this country, which appears to have been planted about the year 1640, when Parkinson first published his work on plants; as in a letter written to that author by Thomas Clayton, his Majesty's professor of physic at Oxford, to compliment him on his "*Herculean botanical labours*," he says, "Oxford and England are happy in the formation of a spacious illustrious physic-garden, completely beautifully walled and gated, now in levelling, and planting, with the charges and expences of thousands, by the many ways Honourable Earl of Danby, the furnishing and enriching whereof, and of many a glorious *Tempe*, with all useful delightful plants, will be the better expedited by your painful, happy, satisfying works."

A botanic garden was planted at Padua in 1533, and one at Presburg in 1564. At the present time there are twenty-three botanic gardens in the Austrian monarchy. France has two noble establishments for the encouragement of this art; and Amsterdam may boast, not only of having enriched Europe, but the West Indies also, with plants from her public garden; while Sweden may justly pride herself on giving the world a Linnæus.

Now, Great Britain, beyond competition or dispute, takes the lead of nations in the pursuit of this delightful art. During the reign of George III. six thousand seven hundred and fifty-six rare exotics were introduced into this kingdom; and the fostering rule of his august successor assures us that still more marked and rapid progress will conti-

nue to be made in thus improving and enriching the country. To exemplify our subject in its details, we pass Artichoke, Asparagus, Asphodel, Barley, &c. &c. being attracted by its poetical analogies to *Ociumm* or Basil. Mr. P. defines its order, genus, &c. and says,

The difficulty of overcoming superstitious prejudices is fully exemplified in this fragrant herb. It was an opinion among the ancients, that if basil was pounded and put under a stone, it would breed serpents; from this notion its use was decried;—and when it was transplanted into our climate, which was found too cold for serpents, these reptiles degenerated into worms and maggots, which, we are told, this vegetable will engender, if it be only chewed, and put into the sun.

Basil was condemned by Chrysippus, more than two hundred years B.C. as being hurtful to the stomach, a suppressor of urine, an enemy to the sight, and a robber of the wits. Diodorus added, that the eating of this plant caused cutaneous insects; and the Africans were persuaded that no person could survive if he were stung by a scorpion on the same day that he had eaten basil.

We notice the story told by Hollerus of this plant, to shew how far superstition and credulity carried the ill effects of basil. He relates, that an Italian by frequent smelling this herb, bred a scorpion in his brain.

The Romans sowed the seeds of this plant with maledictions and ill words, believing that the more it was cursed, the better it would prosper; and when they wished for a crop, they trod it down with their feet, and prayed to the gods that it might not vegetate.

The French are now so partial to the flavour and qualities of this plant, that its leaves enter into the composition of almost all their soups and sauces.

Our next examples shall be drawn from the more familiar *Faba* or Bean, and *Brassica* or cabbage—

The meal of beans is the heaviest made from pulse, and was called in Latin *lomentum*. This was mingled with *frumentum* corn, whole, and so eaten by the ancients; but they sometimes, by way of having a dainty, bruised it first: it was considered a strong food, and was generally eaten with gruel or pottage. It was thought to dull the senses and understanding, and to cause troublesome dreams. Pythagoras expressly forbade beans to be eaten by his disciples, because he supposed them to have been produced from the same putrid matter from which, at the creation of the world, man was formed. The Romans at one time believed, that the souls of such as were departed, resided in beans; therefore they were eaten at funerals and obsequies of the dead.

Varro relates, that the great priests or sacrificers, called *Flamines*, abstained from beans on this account, as also from a supposition that certain letters or characters were to be seen in the flowers, that indicated heaviness and signs of death. Clemens Alexandrinus attributes the abstinence from beans to the opinion that they occasioned sterility; which is confirmed by Theophrastus, who extends the effects even to the plants. Cicero suggests another reason for

this abstinence, viz. that beans are great enemies to tranquillity of mind; for which reason Amphiarus is said to have abstained from them, even before Pythagoras, that he might enjoy a clearer divination by his dreams.

The Egyptian priests held it a crime to look at beans, judging the very sight unclean. The *Flamen Dialis* was not permitted even to mention the name. Lucian introduces a philosopher in hell saying, that to eat beans, and to eat our father's head, were equal crimes.

Beans make one of the finest of all baits for fish, if prepared in the following manner: Steep them in warm water for about six hours; then boil them in river-water in a new earthen pot, glazed in the inside; when about half boiled, to a quart of beans add two ounces of honey, and about a grain of musk; after which let them boil for a short time. Select a clear part of the water, and throw in a few of these beans early in the morning, and again at evening, for two or three days, which will draw the fish together, and they may be taken in a casting net in great numbers.

The Roman name, *Brassica*, came, as is supposed, from *præseco*, because it was cut off from the stalk: it was also called *Cautis* in Latin, on account of the goodness of its stalks, and from which the English name Cole, Colwort, or Colewort, is derived. The word Cabbage, by which all the varieties of this plant are now improperly called, means the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over each other; from that circumstance we say the cole has cabbaged, the lettuce has cabbaged, or the tailor has cabbaged.

"Your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth."*

From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the private houses of their customers, where they were often accused of cabbaging; which means the rolling up pieces of cloth, instead of the lists and shreds, which they claim as their due.

The Greeks held the cabbage in great esteem, and their fables deduce its origin from the father of their gods; for they inform us, that Jupiter labouring to explain two oracles which contradicted each other, perspired, and from this divine perspiration the colewort sprang.

The inference to be drawn from this fable is, that they considered it a plant which had been brought to its state of perfection by cultivation and the sweat of the brow.

We cannot here pass over the advice of Bruynerius, respecting the preparing cabbage for the table. "I must," says he, "expose an error, which is no less common than pernicious, in preparing cabbage. Most people, in consequence of the ignorance of their cooks, eat it after it has been long boiled, a circumstance which does not a little diminish both its grateful taste and salutary qualities. But I observe, that those who have a more polite and elegant turn, order their cabbage to be slightly boiled, put into diabes, and seasoned with salt and oil; by which method they assume a beautiful green colour, become grateful to the taste, and proper for keeping the body soluble. This circumstance ought not to be forgot by those who are lovers of cabbage."

* Arbuthnot's History of John Bull.

The ancients boiled their cabbage with nitre, which rendered it at once more grateful to the palate, and more agreeable to the eye.

In the Economical Journal of France, the following method of guarding cabbages from the depredation of caterpillars, is stated to be infallible; and may, perhaps, be equally serviceable against those which infect other vegetables.

Sow a belt of hemp-seed round the borders of the ground where the cabbages are planted, and although the neighbourhood be infected with caterpillars, the space inclosed by the hemp will be perfectly free, and not one of these vermin will approach it.

We have known brocoli preserved from the injury of the severest winters, by being taken out of the ground late in the autumn, and replanted in a slanting direction. This experiment was made in the year 1819, with such success, that they all flowered in the following spring, although there was scarcely a single head out in all the extensive plantations at Fulham, that survived the inclemency of that winter.

The following miscellaneous extracts from the first volume will further illustrate Mr. Phillips' production—

Guinea Pepper.—The following receipt is the famous pepper medicine for the cure of malignant influenza and sore throats; which has been found highly efficacious, and is recommended as a powerful diaphoretic, stimulant, and antiseptic.

Take two table spoonfuls of small red pepper, or three of common Cayenne pepper, add two of fine salt, and beat them into a paste; add half a pint of boiling water, strain off the liquor when cold, and add to it half a pint of very sharp vinegar. Give a table spoonful every half hour as a dose for an adult, and so in proportion for younger patients. Perhaps this medicine might merit a trial in the yellow fever.*

The general mode of preparing Cayenne pepper is by gathering the bird peppers when ripe, drying them in the sun, powdering and mixing them with salt, which, when well dried, is put into close corked bottles, for the purpose of excluding the air, which disposes the salt to liquefy, and therefore is thought by some an improper ingredient in the composition. This is sometimes called Cayenne butter, and is in general esteem for the excellent relish it gives to different dishes.

The mixture called *Man-dram* is made from these peppers, in the following manner, and seldom fails to provoke the most languid appetite: the ingredients are, sliced cucumbers, eschalots or onions cut very small, a little lime-juice and Madeira wine, with a few pods of bird or bonnet pepper well mashed and mixed with the liquor.

Fennel.—The common fennel is now but little used for culinary purposes, except as a sauce for mackerel. The French epicures keep their fish in the leaves of fennel, to make them firm. It is also used in France, in water-suché, and all fish soups.

The whole of the plant is good in soup or broth. It was formerly the practice to boil fennel with all fish, and it never would have been discontinued, had its virtues been more generally known; for it consumes the phlegmatic humour, in which most fish abound,

* Lunan.

and which greatly annoys many persons who are fond of boiled fish. Our fishmongers should at all times have a plentiful supply of this hardy and wholesome herb, every part of which agrees with the stomach.

It is one of the five opening roots: it is recommended in broth to cleanse the blood, and remove obstructions of the liver, and to clear and improve the complexion after the jaundice, and other sickness.

The seed is one of the greater carminative seeds; and, boiled in barley-water, is good for nurses, as it is said to increase milk and make it more wholesome for the child—a virtue attributed also to the leaves. The seeds are also recommended for those who are troubled with shortness of breath, and wheezing, occasioned by stoppage of the lungs. Its leaves in decoction strengthen the sight; its juice, taken fasting, is said to cure intermittent fevers. It is a sudorific and carminative, facilitates digestion when chewed; and is a specific in malignant putrid fevers.

There is a simple water made from the leaves, and an essential oil from the seed and leaves. Neumann says, "The oil obtained from the leaves on the upper part of the plant is much finer, lighter, and more subtle, than the oil obtained from the lower leaves. The former oil swims on water, and the latter sinks." There is also a strong water, or kind of brandy, made of the seeds of fennel, called fennel water.

Snakes and serpents delight in fennel, and seem to eat it medicinally before they cast off their old skins. Pliny says, the ancient physicians observed that the serpents, having wounded the fennel stalk, cleared their eyes with the juice, and whereby they learnt that this herb hath the singular property of cleansing our sight, and taking away the film or web from our eyes: he adds, that the only time to obtain the juice is when the stalk is nearly full grown: it was administered with honey.

Induced by these observations, the author planted fennel on a bank in his shrubbery, where he had frequently seen snakes; but for want of that time and caution, which it requires to watch these reptiles, he has never seen them bite this herb, but has often found the stalks not only wounded, but eaten nearly half through, either by these, or some other animals.

Hop.—The hop is the only native plant that is under the control of the Excise. By 9 Anne, cap. 12, a duty of one penny per pound was laid on all hops growing in Great Britain and made fit for use.

Walter Blith says, in his third edition of "English Improver Improved" (1633,) "It is not many years since the famous city of London petitioned the Parliament of England against two nuisances, and these were Newcastle coals, in regard of their stench, &c. and hops, in regard they would spoil the taste of drink, and endanger the people."

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of a Life, chiefly passed in Pennsylvania, within the last Sixty Years. Edin. 1822. W. Blackwood. 8vo. pp. 431.

This volume is a republication by Mr. John Galt of an American work, which, in his dedication to Richard Rush, Esq. the Ambassador from the United States, he describes to be one that "reflects honour on

the literature of his native country," and "rich in the various excellencies of style, description, and impartiality." We lament that we cannot express ourselves so highly in its praise as its editor does; but though it is a good personal narrative of the early events of the American contest, it relates so much to insignificant persons and things, as to prefer, in our opinion, only slighter claims to consideration. Walpole has indeed said, "that if any man were to form a book of what he had seen or heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove a most useful and entertaining one;" and this book seems to have been formed on, and to have falsified that principle. Perhaps, however, many parts of it may be useful and entertaining in America, which do not possess those qualities in Britain; for it would be giving too wide a scope to the fanciful assertion of the English author, were we to contend that every account of local events and private gossip must be "in whatever hands" universally valued—for example, that the personal history and feelings of a Hampshire ploughman must be very amusing and useful to a French Courtier, a Spanish legislator, or a superior Caste Hindu.

The matter does not strike us as being of sufficient importance for so large a publication, and consequently, being unfit for compression, for publication at all. The home views of the state and manners of the country, are not so interesting as the title led us to hope; and we confess, that to us the employment of many hours on the story of the American revolution and succeeding politics appears little better than a waste of time. How Mr. Higgins, or Wiggins, or Spriggins; or Wilson, Johnson, Thomson, or Robison, acted in the *Seventy-six*, are of all bye-gone facts to us the most indifferent, and we care not if they had never been ascertained and unfolded. But as a specimen of prose composition, of a pleasant and gentlemanlike style, of honourable sentiments and a sound impartial understanding, this Memoir deserves to be considered as one of the most able productions of the American press. Our review of it nevertheless can only convey a meagre idea of its contents, since, from the impressions on our mind stated above, it cannot be thought that we have any inclination to go into its belligerent and political details. It must suffice that we briefly mention its outline, and extract a few of its most humorous and characteristic anecdotes.

The writer was born in Bristol, Pennsylvania, in 1752; his father was an Irishman, and his other progenitors an odd mixture of Scotch, German, and English. The details of his childhood are trifling, and if the following remark be not of worth to our agricultural interests in their present depressed state, we are sorry to say that no other point presents itself—

In the ox kind, the vices, mere habits of the female parent, invariably descend to her offspring.

At due time the observant boy who found this out, was sent to school, and he *inter alia* gives us the following particulars of

the discipline of his *alma mater*. It was his (Mr. Dove, the schoolmaster's) practice—

— in his school to substitute disgrace for corporal punishment. His birch was rarely used in canonical method, but was generally stuck into the back part of the collar of the unfortunate culprit, who, with this badge of disgrace towering from his nape like a broom at the mast-head of a vessel for sale, was compelled to take his stand upon the top of the form for such a period of time as his offence was thought to deserve. He had another contrivance for boys who were late in their morning attendance. This was to despatch a committee of five or six scholars for them, with a bell and lighted lantern, and in this "odd equipage," in broad day-light, the bell all the while tingling, were they escorted through the streets to school. As Dove affected a strict regard to justice in his dispensations of punishment, and always professed a willingness to have an equal measure of it meted out to himself, in case of his transgressing, the boys took him at his word; and one morning, when he had overstaid his time, either through laziness, inattention, or design, he found himself waited on in the usual form. He immediately admitted the justice of the procedure, and putting himself behind the lantern and bell, marched with great solemnity to school, to the no small gratification of the boys, and entertainment of the spectators. But this incident took place before I became a scholar. It was once my lot to be attended in this manner, but what had been sport to my tutor, was to me a serious punishment.

At the age of nine years our author lost his father, and his mother established herself in the first boarding house in Philadelphia. Here of course he saw many persons; and gives us some whimsical particulars of two English officers who were visitors to Philadelphia previous to the war.

But it was not (says he) alone by hostile alarms that the good people of Philadelphia were annoyed. Their tranquillity had been likewise disturbed by the uncitizenlike conduct of a pair of British officers, who, for want of something better to do, had plunged themselves into an excess of intemperance; and, in the plenitude of wine and hilarity, paraded the streets at all hours,

A la clarté de ceux dans l'ombre de la nuit, to the no small terror of the sober and the timid. The firm of this dummirate was Ogle and Friend, names always coupled together, like those of Castor and Pollux, or of Pylades and Orestes. But the cement which connected them was scarcely so pure as that which had united those heroes of antiquity. It could hardly be called friendship, but was rather a confederacy in debauchery and riot, exemplified in a never ending round of frolic and fun. It was related of Ogle, that, upon hiring a servant, he had stipulated with him that he should never get drunk but when his master was sober. But the fellow some time after requested his discharge, giving for his reason, that he had in truth no dislike to a social glass himself, but it had so happened, that the terms of the agreement had absolutely cut him off from any chance of ever indulging his propensity.

Many are the pranks I have heard ascribed either conjointly or separately, to this *par nobile fratrum*. That of Ogle's first appear-

ance in Philadelphia has been thus related to me by Mr. Will. Richards, the apothecary, who, it is well known, was, from his size and manner, as fine a figure for Falstaff as the imagination can conceive. "One afternoon," said he, "an officer in full regimentals, booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand, spattered with mud from top to toe, and reeling under the effects of an overdose of liquor, made his entrance into the coffee-house, in a box of which I was sitting, perusing a newspaper. He was probably under the impression, that every man he was to meet would be a Quaker, and that a Quaker was no other than a licensed Simon Pure for his amusement: for no sooner had he entered, than, throwing his arms about the neck of Mr. Joshua Fisher, with the exclamation of—'Ah, my dear Broadbrim, give me a kiss,' he began to slaver him most lovingly. As Joshua was a good deal embarrassed by the salutation, and wholly unable to parry the assault or shake off the fond intruder, I interfered in his behalf, and effected a separation, when Ogle, turning to me, cried out, 'Hah! my jolly fellow, give me a smack of your fat chops,' and immediately fell to hugging and kissing me, as he had done Fisher. But, instead of the coyness he had shown, I hugged and kissed in my turn as hard as I was able, until my weight at length brought Ogle to the floor and myself on top of him: nevertheless, I kept kissing away, until nearly mashed and suffocated, he exclaimed, 'For heaven's sake let me up, let me up, or you will smother me!' Having sufficiently tormented him and avenged Joshua Fisher, I permitted him to rise, when he seemed a good deal sobered, and finding that I was neither a Quaker nor wholly ignorant of the world, he evinced some respect for me, took a seat with me in a box, and entering into conversation, soon discovered, that, however he might be disguised by intoxication, he well knew what belonged to the character of a gentleman."—"This," said Richards, "was the commencement of an acquaintance between us; and Captain Ogle sometimes called to see me, upon which occasions he always behaved with the utmost propriety and decorum."

This same coffee-house, the only one, indeed, in the city, was also the scene of another affray by Ogle and Friend in conjunction. I know not what particular acts of mischief they had been guilty of, but they were very drunk, and their conduct so extremely disquieting and insulting to the peaceable citizens there assembled, that, being no longer able to endure it, it was judged expedient to commit them; and Mr. Chew happening to be there, undertook, in virtue probably of his office of recorder, to write their commitment: but Ogle, facetiously joggling his elbow, and interrupting him with a repetition of the pitiful interjection of "*Ah now, Mr. Chew!*" he was driven from his gravity, and obliged to throw away the pen. It was then taken up by Alderman M——, with a determination to go through with the business, when the culprits reeling round him, and Ogle in particular, hanging over his shoulder and reading after him as he wrote, at length, with irresistible effect, hit upon an unfortunate oversight of the alderman. "Ay," says he, "my father was a justice of peace too, but he did not spell that word as you do. I remember perfectly well, that, instead of an S, he always used to spell circumstance with a C." This sarcastic thrust

at the scribe entirely turned the tide in favour of the rioters, and the company being disarmed of their resentment, the alderman had no disposition to provoke further criticism by going on with the *mittimus*.

The irregularities of these gay rakes were not more eccentric than diversified; and the more extravagant they could render them, the better. At one time, they would drive full tilt through the streets in a chair; and upon one of these occasions, on approaching a boom which had been thrown across the street, in a part that was undergoing the operation of paving, they lashed forward their steed, and sousing against the spar with great violence, they were consequently hurled from their seats, like Don Quixote in his temerarious assault of the windmills. At another time, at Dr. Orme's the apothecary, where Ogle lodged, they, in emulation of the same mad hero at the puppet-show, laid about them with their canes upon the defenceless bottles and phials, at the same time assailing a diminutive Maryland parson, whom, in their frolic, they kicked from the street door to the kitchen. He was a fellow lodger of Ogle's, and, to make him some amends for the roughness of this usage, they shortly after took him drunk to the dancing assembly, where, through the instrumentality of this unworthy son of the church, they contrived to excite a notable hubbub. Though they had escaped, as already mentioned, at the coffee-house, yet their repeated malfeasances had brought them within the notice of the civil authority; and they had more than once been in the clutches of the mayor of the city. This was Mr. S——, a small man, of a squat, bandy-legged figure; and hence, by way of being revenged on him, they bribed a negro, with a precisely similar pair of legs, to carry him a billet, which imported, that, as the bearer had in vain searched the town for a pair of hose that might fit him, he now applied to his honour to be informed where he purchased his stockings.

I have been told that General Lee, when a captain in the British service, had got involved in this vortex of dissipation; and although afterwards so strenuous an advocate for the civil rights of the Americans, had been made to smart severely for their violation, by the mayor's court of Philadelphia.

The story proceeds about persons of still less mark or likelihood, and not worth a *Rush*, particularly such as the dedication refers to. Then follows the long story of the American war, which story we remember to have heard told in doggerel to as good effect. Ex. gr.

Says General Howe to General Lee,

How came you by your liberty?

Says General Lee to General Howe,

Tol de rol, tol lol luddy, bow wow wow.

We select such of the author's anecdotes as appear most original. He was taken prisoner at Haerlem Heights, and says,

The little bustle produced by our surrender was scarcely over, when a British officer on horseback, apparently of high rank, rode up at full gallop, exclaiming, *What! taking prisoners! Kill them, kill every man of them. My back was towards him when he spoke; and although by this time there was none of that appearance of ferocity in the guard, which would induce much fear that they would execute his command, I yet thought it*

well enough to parry it, and turning to him, I took off my hat, saying, *Sir, I put myself under your protection.* No man was ever more effectually rebuked. His manner was instantly softened: he met my salutation with an inclination of his body, and after a civil question or two, as if to make amends for his sanguinary mandate, he rode off towards the fort, to which he had inquired the way.

The picture of the Yankee forces is humorous:—when the British serjeant was making out a list of the prisoners,

— he came to a little squat militia officer from York county, who, somewhat to the deterioration of his appearance, had substituted the dirty crown of an old hat for a plunder-worthy beaver that had been taken from him by a Hessian. He was known to be an officer from having been assembled among us for the purpose of enumeration. You are an officer, Sir? said the serjeant. Yes, was the answer. Your rank, Sir? with a significant smile. I am a *keppun*, replied the little man in a chuff firm tone. Upon this, there was an immoderate roar of laughter among the officers about the door, who were attending to the process; and I am not sure I did not laugh myself. When it had subsided, one of them, addressing himself to me, observed, with a compliment that had much more of sour than sweet in it, that he was really astonished that I should have taken any thing less than a regiment. To remove as much as possible the sting of this sarcastic thrust at our service, for, I must confess, I was not sufficiently republican to be insensible of its force, I told him, that the person who had produced their merriment belonged to the militia, and that, in his line, as a farmer, he was no doubt honest and respectable.

The writer was liberated through the efforts of his mother, and inserts the following letter from General Washington, verbatim, on the subject:—

Brunswick, 30th Nov. 1776.

MADAM—Your letter to your son (enclosed to me) went in the day after it came to my hands, by a flag which happened to be going to New York.

I am very sorry for the misfortune of your son's captivity, but these are accidents which must be experienced and felt in war. Colonel Cadwalader, who has been suffered to return to Philadelphia, would be able to inform you of your son's health. Any hard money which you may be able to forward to me, or Mr. Tighnan, (who is of my family) shall be contrived to him by some means or other.—I am, Madam,

Your very humble servant,

Geo. Washington.

On being exchanged he married, and was made a prothonotary. This elevation embroils him in the politics of the times, but we have promised not to be involved in the same vortex. We rather go off, though at a tangent, to a bon mot of the war:—

A young man of our army, had been recently killed by the British cavalry, and his body so cruelly hacked and mangled by their sabres, that General Washington thought proper to send it in for their inspection. It was brought to the post of Sir George Osborne, who, with much admired *sang froid*, simply returned for an answer that he was no

corner. This circumstance was a theme of considerable merriment, and the hon. mot of Sir George not a little applauded.

We do not remember to have met before with any account of the following strange fabrication in the time of Mr. Adams' Presidency:—

The success of a good trick is only a theme for mirth among those who have talents for the business of electioneering. Low cunning, indeed, such as is moulded into the buffoon characters, we see in novels and upon the stage, your Sancho Panzas, Tony Lumpkins, &c. passes current for extreme cleverness, among the bulk of our rural statesmen. These are of the class of Mr. Jefferson's chosen people, however; and though, when in their place, their petty rogueries are very harmless and diverting; yet, when agog for office, with the extensive means of mischief they possess, in their sovereign capacity, they may, nevertheless, be fully competent to the ruin of a nation. The name of Washington, as already observed, was always usurped by this species of good republicans; and so deplorable was the stupidity of a certain portion of the most enlightened people upon earth, that the following fabrication was not too monstrous for their intellectual gullets. John Adams, it was stated, was about to unite his house to that of his majesty of Britain, either by marrying one of his sons to one of the king's daughters, or one of his daughters to one of the king's sons, (I forget which,) but the consequence was, that the bridegroom was to be King of America:—That General Washington had heard of this, as well as of the other anti-republican conduct of the President, at which he was, of course, most grievously displeased:—That, therefore, he went to talk to Mr. Adams upon the subject, and by way of being more persuasive by appearing gay, good humoured, and friendly, he dressed himself in a suit of white, and discoursed with him very mildly; but neither his dress nor his arguments were of any avail. Then he waited upon him a second time, and, in order to render his remonstrance more solemn and impressive, he put on a suit of black, and set before Mr. Adams the heinousness of his proceedings; but to as little purpose as before. He at length paid him a third and last visit, in which he appeared in full regimentals, when finding the President still deaf to good counsel, he drew his sword, declaring, he would never sheath it, until Mr. Adams had relinquished his wicked designs, and so left him a sworn enemy. During the circulation of this ingenious romance, not ill adapted to the capacities it was designed for, and having all the marks of veracity derivable from circumstantial minuteness; the letter from General Washington, announcing his acceptance of the command of the provisional army, and his approbation of the measures pursuing was also circulating in the federal prints. But this signified nothing, as they never reached the persons to be deluded by the story; and even if they had reached them, the latter would immediately have been knocked down as a federal lie. Such, be it again observed, is the bar of public reason.

With this extract we must conclude, and as we have in the outset expressed our opinion of the work, we have nothing to say, except the word itself, in the way of peroration.

The Scottish Orphans. A Moral Tale, founded on a Historical Fact. By Mrs. Blackford. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 213. Wetton & Jarvis. London 1822.

Is a former Number of our publication, we had occasion to notice the *Eskdale Herd Boy*, a work of this author, and gave it the praise due to a performance of great simplicity and interest in its class of Instructive Tale. The present volume is perhaps of a higher rank in point of authorship, but of the same simplicity, tenderness, and gentle spirit of instruction. It is the history of a family of Orphans and their protector. The Rebellion of 1715, the source of so many calamities to the Scottish gentry, and not less exhibiting the display of so many admirable instances of integrity, fortitude, and honourable fidelity, is the foundation of this narrative. The volume opens with an account of the imprisonment of Monteith, of Monteith, for joining the rebel cause. The vigilance of the jailors is eluded by the sagacity of William Mathieson, a retainer of the family, and the three children of these unfortunate parents (for Mrs. Monteith is immured with her husband) are conveyed from the prison. An attempt to save their father is counteracted by his personal reluctance, and his removal to the place of trial. Mrs. Monteith, heart-broken by anxiety for her husband, has the good fortune to die a week before his execution at Carlisle. That melancholy event is briefly alluded to, but with a skill and avoidance of feeble circumstantiality that do honour to the powers of the writer:—

Poor William, who had hovered continually in her neighbourhood, in hopes of being able to ease her mind, with regard to her children, found all his attempts to get access to her were in vain, and when her death was made public, perceiving that he could be of no use to his mistress, he determined to try, if possible, to see his master, and for that purpose set off directly towards Carlisle, travelling day and night. He arrived there early in the morning of the execution. The streets were crowded with people, pressing forward to witness the awful scene, and William was carried by the crowd almost to the foot of the scaffold, before he was aware of where it was leading him. Overpowered with grief and astonishment, he endeavoured to extricate himself, in order, if possible, to gain admission to the prisoners, so as at least to let his master know his children were secure from their enemy; but, before he could get a yard from the spot, a murmur arose, which made him look back, and the first thing he saw was Mr. Monteith, led out upon the scaffold. Again he returned, and, fixing his eyes on his master, slowly raised his hat and displaced a large patch he wore over his right eye, in order to disguise his features from any of his countrymen who might happen to be in Carlisle, and recognise him. His height made him remarkable among the crowd, and, as he had hoped, caught instantly Mr. Monteith's attention, who, the moment he perceived him, knelt down, and uttered a prayer for the protection of his innocent children, and for a blessing to descend upon that man, who had had courage and generosity sufficient to under-

take the charge of them. Then rising, he continued in a loud voice, as if addressing the whole assembly:—

"To him, alone, I leave them; and heaven will surely, sooner or later, reward the man who, in the true spirit of christian charity, has poured balm on the last moments of their distracted father. Let him rear them as his own, and may they prove a blessing and assistance to him in his declining years."

He waved his hand, on finishing this sentence, as a signal to the executioner that he was now ready, and in a very few minutes his head was separated from his body. William remained almost stupefied; but, as the crowd began to separate, he recollected of what consequence it was that he should not be remarked, and that no suspicion should arise of his being the person addressed by Mr. Monteith. He therefore mingled directly with the multitude, and passing quickly along, quitted the town without taking the slightest refreshment, and never stopped till he arrived at a small inn, where he had spent a few hours the evening before. Here he only waited long enough to recruit his almost exhausted strength, and proceeded, with haste, to join his wife and the unhappy orphans now left wholly dependent upon him for support and protection.

This faithful dependent devotes himself to the protection of the children thus solemly and painfully entrusted to his faith. He abandons his native place, apparently breaks off all connexion with his relatives, and retires with his wife, and the orphans of Monteith, to an obscure spot at the foot of the Pentland Hills. Here a new and fortunate circumstance occurs to assist him in his generous task. About the year 1751, a Colonel and Mrs. Beaumont encounter the children nutting near a romantic waterfall:—

The group consisted of four children; two little girls, about six years old, and two boys, who appeared a few years older. As soon as the nuts were gathered from the grass, one of the girls called out "More, brother, if your please, I have had very few, yet; Annie has twice as many as I have."

"No, indeed, Jessie," answered a voice from the tree. "I cannot throw any more now, for I am quite tired with climbing; but when I come down, I will divide the whole equally between you, if you are all good, and keep away from the edge of the water. I see one beautiful bunch that I would fain have, before I come to you; but I must rest a little before I try to get at it, as it is almost at the top of the tree."

"Now is our time, then," said the colonel; "if he is resting, there is less danger of his falling, from the surprise of seeing us, and I must prevent him from climbing any more, if possible, in so dangerous a situation."

"Stop," said Mrs. Beaumont, "let me go, first. I think I shall manage the introduction better than you; therefore, do you stay here till I call you." She stepped forward just as the children had sat down on the grass to place their nuts in a heap together, till their brother came to divide them. "Jessie, get up, directly," cried the voice from the tree; "there is a lady coming to look at the fall, I suppose: make a curtsy to her, and behave properly."

The little fair creature raised her head, and, putting her luxuriant curls of bright

auburn hair back, with her hand, looked timidly up in Mrs. Beaumont's face, who, by this time, was close beside her. Deeply blushing, at finding the stranger so near her, she sprang lightly upon her feet, and kissing her hand, curtsied to the ground.

"Whose nice little girl, are you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Beaumont.

"William Mathieson, ma'am's, my dad-die," answered the child, "he lives at the Carlin's Loup, just a little bit on the other side of the water."

"And who are your companions, my dear?" again asked Mrs. Beaumont, fixing her eyes on the other girl, who was as remarkably dark in her complexion, as her new acquaintance was fair.

"Just my sister Annie, ma'am, and my brothers. Mother does not like us to play with any one but ourselves."

"And is that your brother, up in the tree, also?" "Yes, ma'am, it is our brother Arthur; he has only gone up, to please us, ma'am, and will take great care not to break the tree. But you will not tell the new laird of him, I hope; for, perhaps, he may not be so good as Mr. M'Farlane was, who gave us leave to gather as many nuts as we pleased."

"Hush, Jessie," whispered one of the boys, whose features and complexion were almost as fair and handsome as her own. "You must not trouble the lady, about that. I dare say the new laird will not be very angry with us, for gathering the nuts, when he knows we had Mr. M'Farlane's leave; and if he does not like to allow us to continue to take them, he has only to tell us so, and we shall never come here again; so, if she pleases to tell him she saw us, there will be no harm done. We are not taking them in secret, like thieves; father teaches us better than that, and he would be as angry with us as the laird could be, if we were to do any thing of the kind."

Jessie blushed again, deeply, at her brother's reproof, and Mrs. Beaumont feeling anxious to get the boy safely out of the tree, walked forward towards the fall, to speak to him. She did not see him, till she got close to the brink of the river; the thick branches of the trees and brushwood completely covering him from observation. But when she did discover where he was, she could scarcely refrain from screaming, with alarm, at his dangerous situation. The branch he was sitting on, hung directly over the fall, which was about fourteen or fifteen feet high, and from his curiosity to observe the stranger, he had been tempted to come forward, almost to the middle of it. He was a boy, about eleven or twelve years old. His countenance appeared to Mrs. Beaumont, when she first caught a sight of it, as the handsomest she had ever seen; and, as he bowed his head, on perceiving he was observed, she felt, as she afterwards often told her husband, as if the smile that passed over his face, at the moment, had recalled to her recollection the features of an old friend, and had attached her to himself for life.

For a few moments, Mrs. Beaumont was so astonished and confused, with the sort of feeling that Arthur's manner and appearance created in her, as to be wholly unable to speak to him. At last she addressed him; entreating that he would not attempt to move, till she got a gentleman, who was waiting for her, to assist him from the tree.

"I would willingly obey you, madam," answered the boy, "if I did not think that

I can descend from where I am, much safer alone, than with the assistance of any one. I am accustomed to climb every day; often in much more dangerous places than this is; and, I believe, very few men in the country can venture further than I continually do. You shall see me beside you, in safety, in a second, if you wish it. I can come another day for the nuts at the top, if Jessie will give me leave; but I must ask her first, as I promised her that bunch, and I never am worse than my word."

The children, it appears, talk rather too like mature philosophers; but the tale then proceeds through a variety of narrative, precept, and those touches of character which give reality to works of fiction. The Monteths grow up in purity and peace; the adoptive father thrives in his farm; the Colonel and his wife share in his paternal feeling, and assist the progress of prosperity and knowledge in this sheltered family. But the eldest boy has recollections which break up the peasant's intention of educating him in the tranquillity of his own sphere. Arthur remembers the prison scene, his mother's ornaments, and, what impresses him still more, his mother's tears. He determines on being a soldier. A casualty, perhaps not altogether rare in the wild chances of his disturbed time, assists at once to direct and to adapt his mind to this object of his ambition.

Jane was right, to a certain extent, in her opinion of Arthur, but though, from living constantly with him, she had observed the marked difference there was in his temper and conduct from any of the other children, she yet was ignorant of the secret which had for some time past been the motive of his almost every action. In one of his rambles through the hills in their immediate neighbourhood, he had accidentally observed an old man, who appeared busily engaged in picking up something at the bottom of a deep ravine which the rain had made between the mountains. Wondering what he could possibly be about, Arthur determined to go to him, and satisfy his curiosity. It was rather a dangerous undertaking from the place where he was, but young, and thoughtless of consequences, he resolved to make the attempt, and had got nearly two-thirds towards the spot at which he wished to arrive, when, unfortunately, he trod upon a loose stone, and, losing his balance, fell. He rolled to the bottom of the ravine without the slightest power of breaking the fall. He was quite stunned, and lay for some moments motionless. When he recovered his senses, he found himself lying upon a miserable little bed, and the same old man he had seen in the ravine, sitting by him, rubbing his temples with water, while his hands trembled, both from age and alarm at the accident he had just witnessed. Arthur soon recovered, and then he honestly told the man what had induced him to put himself in so much danger.

"You did very wrong, my young friend," said the old man, "to give way to such idle curiosity; but, if it serves for a warning to you against being so thoughtless again, it may, in the end, turn to your advantage. I have lived among these hills for nearly five years, and, till this day, have never seen a human being attempt to come down the rocks. Once every week I meet an old herd

half way up the mountain, who always brings me the little provision I require, and, in return, I give him what pebbles I can pick up among the hills during my rambles, which he sells in Edinburgh when he has collected as many as will repay him for his trouble in walking thither. I suppose he finds it answer his purpose, or he would not have continued to supply me for such a length of time, and, as I want but little, and have every reason to believe that he has kept my secret, we are very good friends, though we never exchange a word. It is of the utmost consequence that it should not be known to any one that I am yet alive, and therefore I feel that my safety is endangered by this rash attempt of yours to pry into my affairs, and, really, I scarcely know how to act, so as to secure my own safety. If I keep you with me, your parents will be alarmed; and in the search they will undoubtedly make for you, they may discover me; if I let you return to them, I run the risk of your betraying to them my hiding place, and I may be dragged from it, to end my life upon a scaffold. "Ah, no!" cried Arthur, "that shall never happen through me. Allow me to return home, and I give you my solemn promise that nothing shall ever induce me to mention to any one my ever having seen you."

They become intimate, and the boy among other things is taught French, in which he makes a rapid progress, perhaps rather more rapid than probable, for he speaks it fluently in six months. The hope of a Commission is still the haunting spirit of this high minded boy, and he now approaches its possession. The Colonel, confined to the sofa by a fall from his horse, has made Arthur his amanuensis. Some Indian Memoir by his patron attracts the notice of his military superiors, he receives an appointment, and offers to take out Arthur as his *Aid-de-camp*. The offer is joyously accepted, and here the volume closes abruptly, with the promise however of a continuation. But previously to this close, an adventure occurs which involves Mrs. Beaumont apparently with the fate of these little doers and sufferers.

For the purpose of those who read the volume merely to gratify the pleasant curiosity belonging to mysterious narrative, "The Scottish Orphans" wants a second part. But for the more valuable purpose of inculcating truth and gentleness in the young, and a diligent patience in well doing in the more mature, these pages want but slight addition.

SHREWSBURY CORRESPONDENCE.

The third part of this Correspondence, viz. that between the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Whig Leaders, is of so miscellaneous a nature, that our extracts must necessarily be somewhat unconnected. It affords another proof, if any further proof were wanting, how often the professions and the conduct of political parties are at variance.

The first letter which we shall select is curious, as shewing the easy way in which a great Whig Leader and Constitutional Lawyer (Lord Somers) could speak of bringing in a Bill to prevent the resumption of Parliamentary enquiries. It is also deserving

of selection, as mentioning the circumstance of Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton being candidates for the same office, viz. Comptroller of the Mint:—Nov. 14, 1695,

My lord; I cannot but agree in opinion with your grace, that the beginning this parliament with the same inquiries with which the last ended, must, in all probability, spoil the session; but if this be to be prevented, it is the king himself who must enter into it; otherwise, it cannot be brought to pass; at least, not without one's exposing himself, and that upon a prospect of no great success. However, I will endeavour to prepare something suitable to the king's pleasure, as to a preventing bill; but when the matter comes to be considered particularly, it will appear difficult enough.

I acknowledge the favour of returning to me the bill signed for the recorder.

I am this day desired by Mr. Locke to commend him to your grace's favour, that he may be comptroller of the Mint. I need say nothing of his character, which is not unknown to you. I did also deal so clearly with him, as to tell him that Mr. Newton had been recommended as proper for that place. He owned he had nothing to say against his worth, and spoke very modestly (as he does always in what relates to himself); but I found him still very desirous that his name might be mentioned to your grace.*

We shall extract some letters relative to the affair of Sir John Fenwick. This correspondence places the celebrated Earl of Peterborough in a very different point of view from that in which he has been hitherto generally considered. He is represented by the Whig leaders as a busy, meddling, unprincipled intriguer. This letter is also from the Lord Keeper, Somers, to the Duke of Shrewsbury, and dated Oct. 25, 1696:

My lord; There is no one living who does more lament the mischance which befel you, or more heartily wish your perfect recovery from all the ill consequences of it than I do. Nothing could have fallen out more unlucky for the king and for us all at this time; nay, give me leave to say, it is very unfortunate for yourself. I have been so ill myself, that I could not wait upon the king till yesterday; and I was very glad he did not enter into any particulars with me, in relation to sir John Fenwick, for I should not have known what to have said to him, because I was ignorant what your grace's sentiments were, as to the method which ought to be taken.

I persuade myself your grace has no doubt but that I would sincerely and heartily act in this matter, as should be most agreeable to you, and best for your service; but the circumstances of this matter are such, that what is ever so well intended may have an ill event; and, therefore, without some light from you, I dare not make a step in it. My lord Portland has been with me this afternoon, and has said a great deal to me of the discourses of the town, and would have taken it for granted, that I knew the contents of the paper,† and have talked to me upon it; but I prevented him as to that, by disowning it, and chose to take the other way of discouraging the matter, upon what my lady

Mary has published to several people. I do own my thoughts were, that the king should hear sir John Fenwick, and that one or two persons should be by: that he should freely tell him his mind of the pretended confessions; that it was a malicious contrivance, by hearsays, to create jealousies of those who were the truest in his interest; and a sluffing account of the plots of his enemies, by concealing the late transactions, and the most considerable persons of those who were concerned, and only telling old stories before the act of grace; and then direct him to be examined anew in his presence.

This matter I did only hint to my lord very lightly, and he said the king was of opinion, that to send for sir John Fenwick was to give weight to what he said. Whether that notion be right or not I will leave to your consideration. But I think the other way (if, in the conclusion of the examination, the king would give direction, or rather consent, that my lord Aylesbury should be impeached) would be the most likely way of diverting the parliament from troubling themselves with entering any farther into the inquiry after the plot. I confess there may be much of accident in this way; but if nothing be done before the session, in relation to sir John Fenwick, I do not see but the examination of the whole plot will come into parliament, unavoidably, and confound the whole business.

After all this confused talk (for I write in as much hurry as it is possible) I beg of your grace, that you would come to town as soon as your health will possibly allow. Give me leave to say, I hope you will not unnecessarily delay one hour. I am confident, were you here, it would be easy to give the right turn to this business, which I fear will not otherwise be possible. If this cannot be so soon as I wish, let me but receive any intimation of your thoughts, and how I should act, and you may be assured I will proceed accordingly, with more concern and tenderness than if the case were my own. I am sensible what uneasiness it is to your grace, to be talked of upon such a subject, though it be but talk, and must vanish whenever it comes to be looked into. I think your appearing in town will go a great way towards putting an end to it; and therefore you may judge how heartily upon this, as well as all other accounts, I pray for your being recovered and returned to London.

Good my lord, forgive me for writing in this confused manner, I cannot stay to read over what I have writ, my lord Sunderland and some of the Treasury being impatiently waiting all this while; and whatever is wrong be pleased to ascribe to my over much zeal, and pardon that and all other faults in, my lord, &c.

On the 6th of Nov. he thus writes—

My lord Sunderland, lord Wharton, lord Edward Russell, Mr. Montague, Mr. Felton, and myself, met last night. Mr. Russell was not there; the news of his brother's death obliging him not to go abroad.

Our discourse was upon the subject of sir John Fenwick's pretended discovery, and though I cannot say any thing was resolved upon, yet we considered the hints your grace was pleased to suggest, in Mr. Vernon's paper, and what else occurred to any of us, for the present; but the particulars being new to some of the persons, we agreed to meet again to-morrow, upon the same occa-

sion, and, in the mean time, every one was to form his thoughts as well as he could. Two things were principally talked of: the time, and the manner, of this thing's coming into parliament; for it was taken for granted that it could not be kept out, and that the endeavouring it would do mischief.

As to the time, we were generally of opinion, that if it were too long delayed, we had reason to fear our being prevented in directing the manner of its coming in, or the governing it there. As to the manner, though we all wished it might come in from the king, because of the turn he might give it, yet we thought there would be a difficulty in what manner he could do it; for, if he slighted it, as he ought, perhaps it would be hard to answer the question, why he brought it to the House; and, if otherwise, it would give a weight to it.

This is the principal matter under our consideration. I would suggest to your grace, whether such a course as this would do well; that Mr. Russell should speak of it in the House, and should declare the king's goodness, in being satisfied entirely of the falsehood and malice of sir John Fenwick; but yet, for his own vindication, desired that the House would take notice of the thing; and that, thereupon, some other privy counsellors should be authorised to acquaint them with the king's sentiments; but yet, at the same time, declaring themselves willing to have it come into the House. My meaning is, that what Mr. Russell says for himself, either he, or somebody else, should be empowered to say in your grace's name.

I could wish we had your grace's own thoughts of the way of its coming in, and I should be glad this point were settled, that we might be at liberty of talking with some of the best intentioned and most sensible of our friends, in general terms, of the matter, that so they might not be surprised too much, nor think themselves too much neglected.

My lord Sunderland is engaged again in the old business of removing my lord G——, which he told Mr. Wh—— and me was now wholly intended for your grace's service. You will make the best reflections on this matter yourself. Perhaps at this time it may not be inconvenient as to your part, and Mr. Russell's, in sir John Fenwick's paper, that the king makes such a distinction.

I do most sincerely and passionately desire your grace's perfect recovery, and presence amongst us, and am, with all my whole heart, &c.

P.S. I have written in such haste, that I fear you cannot read the paper, or guess at the meaning.

The next is a very curious letter, of Nov. 10th:

My lord; This morning some of your grace's servants met at Mr. Russell's, and a greater number at my house this afternoon. We have had the paper read amongst us, and I think we are come to make a right judgment of it, that though your grace and Mr. Russell are named, yet the charge is upon the whole body of the whigs; and that the sole managing of king James's business has been in their hands, ever since my lord Middleton's going over, even the assassination itself. When men are thus persuaded, that the party is involved in the accusation,

* Godolphin, first Lord of the Treasury.

* Soon after this period Mr. Locke was appointed a commissioner of trade and plantations.
† Delivered by Fenwick to the Duke of Devonshire.

it may be easily believed, that no part which touches their friends will have the least credit.

The opinion which they have all fallen into at present is, that the king should have sir John Fenwick brought to him; and should be pleased to tell him his sense of the pretended confession; but that, if he was willing to be ingenuous, and without reserve, to tell things of his own knowledge, to let him know he would have his examination taken instantly in his presence. That when this was done, the king should inform the council of what was said, together with the sense of it; and afterwards, at Mr. Russell's request, to allow him to take notice of it in the House of Commons. And the gentlemen who were present have all declared themselves resolved then to use their utmost endeavours to get the whole treated as it ought to be, and to press for a vote, to address to the king, and that the trial may proceed.

It was concluded that, as the matter now stands, this examination was unavoidable; for, sir John Fenwick having pretended to reserve things for the king's particular knowledge, if the king would not hear them, it was impossible to think otherwise but that the House would do it. It is to be hoped if the king approves of this method, and he be sent for on the sudden, and be made sensible that his design is seen through, his heart may fail him, and the truth may come out, even whose contrivance his paper was. However, in such an unhappy perplexed matter somewhat must be done, and this is the only method which we could unite in; and this shall be managed with the best caution we can use.

I will trouble your grace with no more particulars, but apply myself only to beg you to come to town, which is what I now think so necessary, that nothing but a direct impossibility of coming can excuse your stay: for, my lord Godolphin having quitted his employment this day, and retired to Windsor, the world will not fail to make ill constructions, if your grace should not appear among us quickly. And, since the king is willing to make so remarkable a distinction between you and Mr. Russell, and my lord who is gone out, I think you should not let any thing on your part give people occasion to imagine, that the cases are alike.

Give me leave to say, that, in my opinion, my lord Godolphin is directly tricked in this matter, and has suffered himself to be cozened into an offer to lay down, and is surprised in having his offer accepted; and, I have reason to think, sees it and repents of it.

My lord, let me once more beg you to venture (as soon as your health will bear it) to begin your journey. Every one, who wishes you well, does impatiently desire your coming.

There are many more letters in this miscellaneous part worthy of quotation; but of such a book we can only give a sample, not an analysis. Fenwick, as is well known, was soon after the last date condemned by Bill of Attainder and executed. We could go into some length of remark on this proceeding, but as we have now devoted as much of three of our Numbers as convenience permits to this Work, we must take our leave of it with repeating, that it is one of the most valuable and curious additions to English History that has been made for years.

BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

The Eighth Century.

EARLY in this century the Scriptures were translated into Arabic, by John Archbishop of Seville, and disseminated among the Saracens. Within the three succeeding ages other translations were made; the Syriac and Coptic, about the middle of this period, ceasing to be living languages.

The venerable Bede in the eighth century rendered the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon. This distinguished man wrote on all the branches of knowledge then cultivated in Europe, and died in 735. His little oratory or study at Weremouth, near the monastery, and his rude oaken chair, remained till the 16th century, and are mentioned by Leland. A copy of some of St. Paul's Epistles in his hand-writing is said to be preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. About the same age lived Willibrod, a celebrated Christian teacher, born in Northumberland, whose apostolic labours in Friesland acquired him great reputation; and Winfrid, afterwards called Boniface, born at Kirtou, Devonshire. The latter also preached the gospel zealously and successfully in the eastern parts of Germany, in 746 founded the great abbey of Fulda or Fulden, and was slain with some followers by Banditti about ten years after. A third eminent Missionary in this age of Missions was Willehad, called the Apostle of Saxony, but a Northumbrian and a learned as well as pious man. A still more famous contemporary was Alcuin, called also Flaccus Albinus, another Englishman, educated, if not born, at York, and the literary friend of Charlemagne. He was so rich in possessions as to have 20,000 vassals, none of whom could marry without his consent, all of whom were obliged to labour three days in the week for their lord, and over most of whom he had the power of life and death. Such were the rewards of learning and piety in those times. His great work was a revision of the Latin Bible; but his writings were so numerous that the Edition of them published by Frobenius, in 1777, occupied four quarto volumes.

Notwithstanding these and other lights of intellect, the Western World sunk more and more into darkness, and ignorance instead of science gained ground. An Archbishop of Rheims, Gislemar, was unable to understand the literal meaning of a portion of the Gospels which he read.

In Germany, a certain priest was so totally unacquainted with the Latin, the common language of the church offices, that he baptised in the name *Patri, Filia, et Spiritus Sancta*; and a question arising as to the legitimacy of the baptism, it was judged proper to refer it to Pope Zachary for his decision. This was the same pope who imprisoned Virgilius, for asserting the existence of the Antipodes; though Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, vol. iii. p. 173, endeavours to prove that the error of Virgilius was that of maintaining that there were other men under the earth, another sun and moon,

and another world; or, in other words, another race of men, who did not descend from Adam, and were not redeemed by Christ; and that this being contrary to the Scriptures, he was justly censurable. But whether he taught the spherical form of the earth, or the plurality of worlds, his condemnation is sufficient to prove the low state of scientific acquirements, by even the highest dignitaries of the church.*

The military spirit of the age also infected the clergy, and hawking priests were at least as prominent then, as hunting parsons are now. The service of the altar was not unfrequently performed in mail; and the lives of holy men and women were universally as unholy as can be imagined. The state of learning may be conjectured from the poetical Catalogue of Books in the celebrated library of Egbert, Archbishop of York, which, as Mr. Sharon Turner says, is "the oldest Catalogue perhaps existing in all the regions of literature, certainly the oldest existing in England." This curious document, which is in Latin, has been imitated; it opens thus—

Here, duly placed on consecrated ground,
The studied works of many an age are found.
The ancient Fathers' revered remains;
The *Roman Laws*, which freed a world from chains;

What'er of lore passed from immortal Greece
To *Latian* lands, and gained a rich increase;
All that *blest Israel* drank in showers from heaven;

Or *Afric* sheds, soft as the dew of even:
Jerom, the father 'mong a thousand sons:
And *Hilary*, whose sense profusely runs.

The list proceeds, and mentions Hilary, Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius, Orösius, Gregory, Pope Leo, Basil, Fulgentius, Cassiodorus, Chrysostom, Adhelmus, Beda, Victorinus, Boetius, Pompey (the Historian), Pliny, Aristotle, Cicero, Sedulius, Juvenius, Alcuin, Clemens, Prosper, Paulinus, Arator, Fortunatus, Lactantius, Virgil, Statius, Lucan, Donatus, Focas, Priscian, Probus, Servius, Euticius, Pompey (the Grammarian), and Commenian, besides many others not named. It is justly remarked by Mr. Townley, that—

Celebrated as this library was, it appears to have contained only fourteen fathers and ecclesiastical works, ten ancient classics, including two or three modern Latin writers, six grammarians and scholiasts, and six modern Latin poets; yet this was the library of which Alcuin speaks in a letter to Charlemagne: "O that I had the use of those admirable books, on all parts of learning, which I enjoyed in my native country; collected by the industry of my beloved master Egbert. May it please your imperial majesty, in your great wisdom, to permit me to send some of our youth to transcribe the most valuable books in that library, and thereby transplant the flowers of Britain into France."

It is singular too, that England was regarded as so excellent a mart for books, that as early as the year 705, books were brought hither for sale.

* Townley's Illustrations. Vol. i. p. 258.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Dec. 22.—On Monday, December 17, the last day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—The Rev. W. H. Langley, Christ church.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. H. Walpole, All Souls college; J. H. Seymour, Exeter college; J. Barnwell, Pembroke college; H. Phillips, R. Yarker, Queen's college; H. A. Simcoe, Wadham college; C. Wood, Oriel college; J. R. Chaplyn, J. W. Tomlinson, W. H. Cartwright, Trinity college; E. Churton, Christ church; and W. L. Wiggett, University college.—The whole number of degrees in Michaelmas Term was—B. D. 1; B. C. L. 1; M. A. 22; B. A. 76; Matriculations, 112.

CAMBRIDGE, January 4.—Robert Woodhouse, Esq. M. A., F. R. S., Fellow of Caius college, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, was yesterday unanimously elected Plumian Professor of Experimental Philosophy, in the room of the late Archdeacon Vince.

The Rev. John Lonsdale, M. A. Tutor of King's college, is elected Christian Advocate, in the room of the Rev. Thomas Rennell.

The Rev. Christopher Benson, M. A. Fellow of Magdalene college, is continued Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

The Hulsean Prize for the year 1821, was on Monday last adjudged to William Trollope, B. A. of Pembroke hall.—Subject, *The Expedients to which the Gentile Philosophers recorted in opposing the progress of the Gospel described, and applied in illustration of the Truth of the Christian Religion.*

The subject of the Hulsean Prize dissertation for the present year is—*The Argument for the Genuineness of the Sacred Volume as generally received by Christians.*

FINE ARTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, No. 3.

MR. SMIRKE has here fulfilled the promise of his third Number, dedicated to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The punctuality of the publication pleases us, and not less the execution of it. We have spoken very favourably of its predecessors (*The Tempest*, and *Taming of the Shrew*) and justice demands that our praises of this essay, to illustrate one of the most delightfully comic effusions of the *Immortal* should be at least equally loud and decided. It is true that on a glance it will seem that the same talent has been employed on all; but as a skilful rider exhibits greater grace when he has been mounted a while, than just after he is in the saddle, so an artist or a writer acquires more self-possession, more management of his subject, more ease and fluency, as his task proceeds, and he knows from the past that he can command the future. From this cause we fancy we can perceive an improvement on the present occasion. The humorous figures are more humorous without being grotesque, and the females certainly more beautiful in form, than in the former numbers. The Vignette is free, brilliant, and characteristic. The first plate is sweet Anne Page inviting Slender in to dinner; an unaffected picture

engraved by C. Heath, (with a slight deficiency in force in the female head,) as if at the part of the dialogue—

"Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?"

"I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talked of."

The next print is a well done representation of Pistol's angry exit, from the graver of E. Portbury. The third is the bestowing of Falstaff in the bucking basket, (C. Heath) admirable for expression and character. The Satyr looks of the fat knight, and the arch beauty of his fair tormentors, are excellent.

Evans catechising William is the next subject; it is charmingly engraved by J. Mitchell, and the composition good, though Mrs. Quickly borders rather on the burlesque in resembling an Ethiop more than a European. Mrs. Page, the contrast, is elegantly, and the silly child very cleverly conceived. The last, the Hobgoblin scene in the forest, engraved by C. Rolls, is both as a painter's fancy and an engraver's work, one of the happiest illustrations of Shakspeare we have ever seen; and we have only to add, that as this work advances we see every reason to believe that the most difficult task of aptly adding the adornments of art to the imagery of the bard of Avon will be accomplished to a very satisfactory extent.

LITHOGRAPHY.

The Prawn Fisher, and *The Bird Trap*, designed and drawn upon stone by W. Collins, R. A., have been published by Rodwell and Martin. Mr. Collins' subjects are charmingly adapted to the Lithographic process, and these are two of the prettiest specimens of that art which we have yet seen in England. In the two boys prawn fishing, the shore, water, and shadows, are delightfully transparent; and in both pictures we have the effects of chalk drawing, uniting vigour and softness in an unusual degree. We recommend these prints as highly meriting a place in the portfolio of every amateur.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

An Etching of a View of Windsor Castle, by William De la Motte, has also recently appeared among the publications of art. It is of a large size, being (we speak by the eye) about 24 inches by 16 or 18; and altogether a fine performance. Windsor's royal towers are in the distance, and the foreground is occupied by picturesque old trees admirably designed to form a framework to the splendid landscape with which every passer within sight of the magnificent scene in Berkshire must have been delighted. Mr. De la Motte has introduced a park-keeper shooting deer, and, we think, unhappily, for the death-spring of a beautiful animal is a painful object, and disturbs the feelings inspired by contemplating the lovely face of nature. In the Etching, as a work of art, we recognize all the spirit of Goupy, with the energy and character of Paul Sandby and Rooker, whose prints from Collins' designs for Tasso, &c. are strongly brought to our recollection by this striking publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

[Sketch the First. "A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world. She sends forth her sympathies in adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of love, and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless; it is a bankruptcy of the heart."]

"Who shall bring healing to thy heart's despair, Thy whole rich sum of happiness lies there."

THERE are dark yew-trees gathered round, beneath [grass sods; Are the white tombstones, and the green No other sounds are heard, save the low voice Of a brook wandering by, or the wild song Of the sweet red-breast plaining o'er the graves. [rust

There is one tomb, distinguished from the By wild flowers braided round in curious Of April beauty; the blue violet [wreathes Bending with dewdrops, like to maiden tears, Falling for love betrayed; the primrose wan, As sick with hope deceived; the wild briar- And honeysuckles fancifully linked, [rose While watching them with fond and patient care,

A pale and wasted Girl leans by that grave. She once was beautiful, but the hot sun Has left too rude a kiss upon her cheek, And she has lain on the damp grass, the sky Her only canopy; while the dew hung Amid her hair, and the hoarse night wind sung Her lullaby; and the unwholesome moss Has been her pillow; this has paled her brow, And that worst sickness, sorrow—She has lain Beside that grave, while some unholy star Shed over her evil influence.

I marked her place the flowers round, then smile; [times; Oh, such a sweet sad smile!—she sang at Her song had notes most musical, but strange, That thrilled the heart and wet the eye with tears.

These are thy bridal flowers

I am now wreathing;

This is thy marriage hymn

I am now breathing.

Some one has been changing

The fresh buds I gathered;

This is not my wreath,

Look how 'tis withered!

And then she threw the flowers aside, and An earnest gaze on heaven; then sang again.

I love thee, oh! thou bright star,

Now looking in light from afar.

Am I not thy own love? I see

Thy answer shine down upon me.

I love thee, thou glorious king,

Look on the fair offering I bring.

There the summer rose blooms in its pride;

Is it not a fit crown for thy bride?

Oh! when will that time of joy be

When my spirit shall mingle with Thee!

Some day I shall seek thy bright shrine,

And be to eternity thine.—

They told me of her history; her love Was a neglected flame which had consumed The vase wherein it kindled; Oh, how fraught With bitterness is unrequited love!

To know that we have cast life's hope away On a vain shadow. Her's was gentle passion, Quiet and deep, as woman's love should be, All tenderness and silence, only known By the soft meaning of a downcast eye, Which almost fears to look its timid thoughts; A sigh scarce heard, a blush scarce visible,

Alone may give it utterance. Love is
A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,
When felt as only woman love can feel;
Pure as the snowfall, when its latest shower
Sinks on spring flowers; deep as a cave-
locked fountain,
And changeless as the cypress's green
For, like them sad, she nourished leaves,
Fond hopes and sweet anxieties, and fed
A passion unconfessed, till He she loved
Was wedded with another; then she grew
Moody and melancholy. One alone
Had power to soothe her in her wanderings,
Her gentle sister, but that sister died,
And the unhappy girl was left alone—
A Maniac. She would wander far, and shunn'd
Her own accustomed dwelling; and her haunt
Was that dead sister's grave, and that to her
Was as a home. L. E. L.

TEN YEARS AGO.

"Ten years ago," the world was then
A pleasant and a lovely dream;
Life was a river bank'd by flowers,
With sunshine glancing o'er the stream;
The path was new, and there was thrown
A sweet veil over pleasure's ray;
But ignorance is happiness,
When young Hope is to show the way;
And fair the scenes that hope would show
When youth was bright "ten years ago."

Ten years are past,—life is no more
The fairy land that once I knew—
Pleasures have proved but falling stars,
And many a sweetest spell untrue:
But may I look on these dear ones,
Feel their soft smile, their rosy kiss;
Or may I turn, Beloved, to thee,
My own home-star of truth and bliss!
While love's sweet lights thus round me glow,
Can I regret "ten years ago?" L. E. L.

NOBLE EPIGRAMS.

Lord Byron on his Marriage and separation
from his Wife.

How strangely time does run
In parting me and you—
'Tis now six years since we were one,
And five since we were two.

On the failure of his Tragedy, and the recovery
of Lady Noel, his Wife's Mother.

Alas! how very cruel is my lot,
My Play is damned, and Lady NOEL not.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. XXIX.

Paris, Dec. 2, 1821.

M. ETIENNE's new piece, *Les Plaidiers sans Procès*, has been published within these few days. Authors seem at length to be growing too wise to permit the booksellers to enjoy the profit of their works; M. Etienne publishes his comedy on his own account, and some other popular French writers have adopted the same plan. The preface to the *Plaidiers sans Procès* excites at least as much interest as the play itself. This preface contains the complaints urged by the author against the French government; first, because he has been expelled from the Royal Institute of France; and secondly, because the theatrical censors used the freedom of mutilating his comedy. Etienne was ex-

pelled from the Institute for having, during the hundred days, delivered in the name of the Institute, and in the presence of Buonaparte, an address, in which the House of Bourbon was treated with contempt. M. Etienne thus explains the matter: The address, he affirms, was the production of ten academicians, with whom he had no connexion; that the plan of this paper having been submitted to the four classes of the Institute, it was unanimously adopted, and that it fell to his lot to deliver the speech, merely because he was at that time president of the second class. "Thus," he says, "I was not even one of the writers of the address; I do not mean to say that I did not give my vote for it, as all my colleagues did, or that I made the least objection to read it in the name of the body over whom I presided. I have never, to my knowledge, acted against my conscience, and I am incapable of disavowing any step that I may have voluntarily taken. When the moment of literary ostracism arrived, a word would have exculpated me; but I could not refrain from urging, that the discourse, so loaded with reprobation, was the production of the whole Institute, and I would rather a thousand times suffer, than be the cause of compromising the first literary body in Europe. It would have been more noble on the part of the Institute not to have allowed all the weight of momentary vengeance to fall upon my head; the authors of the address ought at least to have acknowledged themselves as my coadjutors; but we live in an age in which scrupulous honour is not to be expected."

M. Etienne conceives he has completely justified himself, by stating that the address to Napoleon was not his individual act; but that of the whole Institute. But who obliged him to read it? and when Buonaparte subsequently invested him with the decoration of the Legion of Honour, did it not seem intended as a reward for his zeal in acting as the organ of the Institute on the occasion alluded to? The King might have said to him, You refused to acknowledge me as king, and I refuse to acknowledge you as an academician. It must, however, be admitted, that the ordinance which expelled Etienne and some others from the Institute, was published at a time when the French government had promised to forget the past. Etienne also disputes, with some appearance of reason, the king's right to make and unmake academicians. Up to the present time, the French academicians have always possessed the privilege of nominating, by a majority of votes, those who were to be received as members of the Academy; the king only confirming their choice. But according to the ordinance which M. Etienne so violently attacks, several old academicians were not only expelled, but persons whose claims rested merely on the favour of the court, were admitted to the Institute, without the suffrage of their colleagues. This ordinance, it is true, was represented as a new organization of the Institute; but in fact it was no such thing.

The preface to *Les Plaidiers sans Procès*, likewise describes the curtailments that have

been made in this comedy by the theatrical censor. The following line has been struck out:

Pour devenir Ministre, et que ne fait on pas?

The author observes, that the objections of the censor would have been more intelligible had the line ran thus:

Pour demeurer Ministre, et que ne fait on pas?

The following has likewise been erased: Evitons s'il se peut, les témoins d'autre mer.

"Here," says the author, "neither I, nor any one whom I have consulted, have penetration enough to discover the motives for this omission. Some are of opinion that the censor wished to shew courtesy to the king of England, who was then expected in Paris, and who might be regarded in France as a *témoin d'autre mer*, (a foreign witness.) It was probably conjectured, that the line alluded to the Italian witnesses who gave evidence on the trial of the late Queen Caroline. Finally, others, after due consideration, are of opinion, that it must have been supposed to relate to the persons who arrived from St. Helena, and who might probably be looked upon as important witnesses. Be this as it may, the verse in question was written five years ago, and I attached no political meaning to it, either at that time or this. I know not why it was condemned; but the public perhaps will be able to guess! The following is another passage which was conceived to be objectionable:

On veut dans l'orient des serviteurs discrets,
Et c'est pour en avoir la meilleure méthode.
On devrait mettre ici ce moyen à la mode;
Car si tous nos valets se taissaient forcément,
Nous parlerions peut-être un peu plus librement.

M. Etienne presumes that the above passage was struck out on account of the rewards which treacherous servants frequently obtain for informing the police of all that passes in their masters' houses, and even betraying their correspondence, as the servant of the Duc de Broglie did some time ago. The author wonders the following tirade was suffered to pass; it is, he observes, *too true* to be tolerated.

Valons-nous mieux en France?
N'y fait on pas trafic de son indépendance?
L'un s'y vend pour l'or, l'autre pour les honneurs;

On connaît le tarif de certains orateurs.

On en a vu gagner qui passaient pour intelliges, [les nègres.]
Et les blancs aujourd'hui, sont plus chers que

Lastly, the author reasonably observes, that it is absurd on the part of the police, or the censorship, which is the same thing, to seek to avoid all allusions, and that if two are suppressed, the public will supply ten in their place. The recollection of the slavery of the Greeks, together with the lively interest taken in their fate, occasions thunders of applause to be bestowed on a line in the *Femme Jalouse*, which merely relates to a husband shaking off the tyrannical yoke of his wife, but which the audience otherwise apply:

Un esclave a raison quand il brise ses fers.

Charles Nodier, the indefatigable novel writer and imitator of Walter Scott, has lately published his *Promenade de Dieppe aux Montagnes d'Ecosse*. It is a light work, hastily written; but it nevertheless contains some striking passages. Speaking of St. Paul's Cathedral, the author observes:—"This church is imposing from its grandeur; but, if the phrase may be used, it is merely a kind of physical and empty grandeur, which inspires no idea of retirement, melancholy, obscurity or mystery." Of the Tower of London he says: "The armories are not very interesting to those who have seen the arsenal of Venice. These great collections of instruments invented for the destruction of man, are nothing more than a well arranged gun-smith's warehouse. The disgusting spectacle of a menagerie is not more attractive in London than in Paris, and the captivity of these animals of the desert, which are held in two-fold slavery, by the grating of their cages and the bolts of a state prison, would excite only melancholy ideas, were it not for the reflection, that a noble-minded prisoner may occasionally have derived philosophic consolation from the circumstance. I can better conceive the resignation of a Wallace, of a Strafford, or of a Sydney, when I picture them in chains beside the lion's cage." I must confess that I do not precisely comprehend the philosophic consolation which this comparison might produce. Of Edinburgh, the author says, "The few last days of our stay in this city were enlivened by a happy circumstance: it was, however, neither the time of the Gaelic ball, nor the distribution of the prizes for bag-pipe playing. Some other cause, of which I am ignorant, occasioned about ten Highland chieftains to visit Edinburgh in all the pomp of their beautiful costume. A Scottish Chieftain, with his dirk and his pistols, his bonnet, his plaid draped in the Grecian style, his chequered hose, which, like all the tartan stuffs worn in the highlands, call to mind the tattooing of the ancient inhabitants of the country; his wild nudity and his dignified and courteous manner, presents altogether a living tradition (perhaps unique in Europe) of the vigour and freedom of past ages."

DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.—The Comedies of last week have been succeeded by the Tragedies of this. Mr. Kean returned to his Capital duties on Monday, and on Tuesday again played Macbeth to Miss Edmiston's Lady. Upon this performance we have only to repeat, that to those who remember the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons it must appear to be an utter failure. Miss E. cannot rise to the highest rank in the drama by folding her arms only, and we counsel her most kindly when we advise a less ambitious walk to begin with than this arduous part. Kean's Macbeth is, we think, his very worst effort; though his Hamlet and Romeo are both fresh in our recollection.

COVENT-GARDEN.—After a long absence, Miss Stephens made her first appearance

this season on Monday evening in the part of Polly in the Beggar's Opera: her reception was of the most cheering, and her performance of the most perfect description. Her delivery of her songs was given with more than her wonted animation, and without the least deficiency of her accustomed delicacy and pathos. But the novelty of the evening was Miss Hallande as Macheath. Our dislike to epicene characters, and our admiration of this lady, have often been expressed, and it may be anticipated that her choice of character on this occasion placed us in a dilemma. We were not overjoyed to see her in a competition with Madame Vestris, on whom this cast of parts fits so well; and can never sanction with our applause the appearance of female delicacy, grace, and reserve, in libertine Juans or bold and profligate highwaymen. Abating this our rooted objection to the character itself, we may say that in its personation the rich and deep tones of Miss Hallande's potent voice were heard with extraordinary effect. Her singing confirms our expectations, and while we listen with delight to her fine mellow and powerful notes, we feel more and more assured that she will, at no distant day, rival the noblest songsters that this country has yet produced. The comic parts were well played by Blanchard, Emery, &c. and Mrs. Liston was a sweet little Lucy.

ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.—A Mr. Goodacre has opened the Haymarket Theatre for Lectures on Astronomy; and exhibits a very striking apparatus to illustrate his explanations of that glorious science. The lectures are in metre, and seem to us to proceed with rather too much rapidity for necessary reflection; but the splendid imitations of heavenly bodies, the exemplification of their motions, the transparencies, diagrams, &c. &c. which Mr. Goodacre employs, are well calculated to make a lasting impression on the minds of his audiences. For youth in particular this spectacle is eminently entitled to encouragement.

VARIETIES.

The Paris papers often have a fling at English customs, and their imitation by Frenchmen. Lately they told a story of a young gentleman taken suddenly ill in company, about whom the party ran to loose his cravat. "That won't do (said one of his friends) he must be unlaced." "How, unlaced?" "Yes, he has been to London, and wears stays." He was accordingly relieved; and the Editor observes, that France formerly gave the fashions to all Europe, but now London sets the mode for corsets, starched neckcloths, white gloves, and instruments to clean the nails. Surely, he adds, these English are not so grave and wise as heretofore.

THE WAGS OF DURHAM! Durham, heretofore famous for the pungency of its Mustard, is now likely to be elevated in the scale of Cities for pungency of another kind: we mean the wit of its Youths.

When we consider the extraordinary ingenuity and learning required to address a letter to the conductor of a distant Journal, when we reflect on the skill necessary to induce him not only to open the envelope, but to believe in the truth of the contents, and when we fancy the exquisite humour of passing a local forgery upon so wary a character, it must be confessed that the *Wags of Durham* are fellows of infinite jest and merriment, lads of the rarest and most exalting talents. It seems there is a set of young gentlemen, attorneys' clerks we are told, in this new Athens, eminent for these felicitous exercises of the inventive faculty, who have succeeded in deceiving the Editors of several London Journals into the insertion of notices, in vulgar times called lies. *John Bull* was tricked into a story about Mr. Lambton; and we had an appeal to our humanity in the fictitious case of a poor writer, whom we now understand to be an insane creature, the laughing-stock of these jokers with misery and human infirmity. Of course it would grieve us were they to discontinue practices every way so worthy of their genius and endowments; and the only suggestion we beg to offer is, that they would so construct their pleasant-tries as to do as little harm as possible to their native place and their fellow creatures. Thus, for example, we presume, that no Editor of any publication, and no one in public situation, will open letters with the Durham Post Mark, but return them as we have done—a matter which may be inconvenient to respectable men not among the Wags. It may also injure charity and benevolence; for the same post which brought us the Durham hoax presented a case of great wretchedness from Ireland which we were well-disposed to alleviate. Suspecting, however, that this might be of the same nature of trick, we instituted inquiries, and at this hour we are not sure that the loss of a distressed being is not the consequence of our Durham Wagery. It may be hoped, however, that no accident of this sort will interrupt the sportive essays of these clever young men, till their pretty falsehoods and innocent forgeries ascend to the usual climax and mount to the usual reward.

Toleration.—One of the last sheets of the *Iris*, a German newspaper, contains a Papal Brief, which, admonishing M. Fesselles, a Professor at Prague, expresses the indignation and grief of his Holiness, that the Bishops and Clergy of particular dioceses permit (especially Clergy) to read unpunished the works of Authors not Catholic; such for example as the amorous and romantic poetry of Schiller, Herder, Goëthe, Wieland, and others!!!

A Commission has been formed under the Minister of Police at Paris, to the superintendence of which is committed the bureaux of Belles Lettres, Sciences, and Fine Arts, the Journals, and the Theatres! A M. Lourdoneix has been installed chief of this division.

A Bull.—William Cobbett, the author of a Treatise on English Grammar, in which the want of precision in Royal Speeches, &c. is sharply criticised, is at present publish-

ing a sort of tour through the country. We have seen but one specimen Number of it, which is very ludicrous. The author promises in one place to immortalize it by writing a Register there, should he ever return; and in another, describing the churches in Norfolk, he says, "They have all been well built at first. Many of them are of Saxon architecture. They are, almost all, (I do not remember an exception) placed on the highest spots to be found NEAR WHERE THEY STAND!!" These we fancy are the only buildings in England (or even in Ireland) which stand not on their own sites, but on places near them!!!

Poetical Law.—The Assize Court of Lyons recently tried an author of the name of *Maucherat*, for uttering seditious cries. The accused conducted his own defence, and pleaded his cause in verse; it concluded with this couplet:

Il a chanté Bacchus, les guerriers et l'Amour,
Et, selon votre arrêt, chantera votre cour.*
The Jury declared him *Not Guilty*, and he was liberated to fulfil his pledge!

Anecdote.—The French Journal of the Aube, of the 1st ult. contains the following pleasing anecdote:—The Pastor of a Commune in this department, informed that the Singing Master of the parish had seduced a girl of the village, who was with child by him, took upon himself to publish the bans of marriage between them from the pulpit on the next Sunday. This improvisatore effusion took the young couple by surprise; the singing-master turned pale and the wench red, but the effect produced by the hint in face of the congregation was an immediate and legal union of the parties.

Proof that a man can be his own grandfather.—There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old man: the widow was therefore mother to her husband's father, consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother: now as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or great uncle, this boy was therefore his own grandfather.—N.B. This was actually the case with a boy at a school at Norwich.

Another Cure of Hydrophobia.—Mr. Marochetti, surgeon of an hospital at Moscow, being in the Ukraine, in 1813, was requested to attend fifteen persons who had been bit by a mad dog. While he was making the necessary preparations, a deputation of several old men came to request him to let the patients be attended by a peasant, who had for many years enjoyed the reputation for the cure of the Hydrophobia, to which he consented upon certain conditions. The peasant gave to the fourteen patients intrusted to him (the fifteenth, a girl of sixteen, was treated according to the usual manner) a pound and a half, daily, of a decoction of the flowery tops of yellow broom, and examined twice a day the underpart of the tongue, where he said

little pustules would be formed containing the poison. These pustules in fact appeared from the third to the ninth day, and were observed by Mr. Marochetti. In proportion as they were formed they were cauterised with a needle made red hot; after which the patient gargled himself with the decoction of broom. The result of this treatment was, that the fourteen patients recovered in six weeks, while the young girl who was excepted from this mode of cure, died on the seventh day, in the convulsions of Hydrophobia. Three years afterwards Mr. Marochetti again saw the fourteen patients, who were all doing very well. The same physician, being in Podolia in 1818, had another opportunity of confirming the efficacy of this interesting discovery on twenty-six persons who were bitten by mad dogs.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Southey is preparing for publication a Third Volume of "The Remains of Henry Kirke White," which will appear in March.

Dr. Drake has in the press a new Work, entitled, "Evenings in Autumn."

Mrs. Opie's new Tale of Madeline, and Miss A. M. Porter's new Romance of Roche Blanc, will be published next month. The Widow's Tale, and other Poems, by the Author of Ellen Fitzarthur, are to appear next week.

Miss Lowry, daughter of the celebrated engraver of that name, has nearly ready for publication, "Conversations on Mineralogy," illustrated with numerous plates by her father.

Contents of the Journal des Savans for December, 1821:—Cleomedis circularis doctrinae de sublimitatis, libri duo, reviewed by M. Létronne; Ssufismus sive Theosophia Persarum Pantheistica, &c. by Silvestre de Sacy; H. Hallam, Europe in the Middle Ages, by Raoul Rochette; G. Biagioli, Edition de Pétrarque, by Raynour; J. F. Bodin, Recherches Hist. sur l'Anjou, by Daunou.

A letter from Glasgow informs us, that *The Pirate* will be rapidly followed by another Novel. We had previously reason to believe that this would be the case, and therefore adopt the intelligence, without vouching for it, that the new work is to be called "*The Fortune of Nigil*," that it is a Scotch story, and that it is connected with the history of *G. Heriot*, the founder of an hospital in Edinburgh.

Lord Orford's (Horace Walpole's) new Correspondence is expected to issue from Albemarle-street in three weeks: it excites much interest.

Erratum Extraordinary.—The strong jacobinical principle which might be imputed to us in consequence of an error in our last Number, induces us to request our readers specially to correct it. The Welsh Melodies were said, col. 2, page 8, to be published by "J. Pow" instead of "J. Power;" the two last types having fallen from the name.

This we assure the world was purely accidental, and that we are not persons who wish to curtail Power of fair proportions and just appendages. It is evident, though somewhat paradoxical, that we did err because we did not; and, as the Scotch Printer, in whose hands the blunder fell, assures us that the *pow* alone is the head of our offending.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JANUARY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	3. from 30 to 38	29.78 to 29.61
Friday	4. from 31 to 40	29.20 to 29.46
Saturday	5. from 31 to 39	29.79 to 29.92
Sunday	6. from 30 to 38	29.97 to 30.00
Monday	7. from 29 to 37	29.91 to 29.86
Tuesday	8. from 31 to 39	30.07 to 30.05
Wednesday	9. from 34 to 45	30.68 to 30.13

Rain fallen during the Week, 37.5 of an inch.

On Monday the 14th, at 6 h. 23' 33" (clock time) the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an Eclipse.

On Friday the 18th, at 8 h. 52' 22" (clock time) the 3d Satellite of Jupiter will immerge into his shadow, and will emerge at 10 h. 59' 24".

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE PAST YEAR, 1821.

MONTH.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	MEAN.	THERMOMETER.	FLEUV. AMETER.	INCHES.	WINDS.											
							N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.				
January	39.94	29.19	33.04	37.67	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
February	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
March	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
April	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
May	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
June	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
July	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
August	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
September	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
October	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
November	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
December	39.75	29.06	32.90	37.45	2.800	0.10	0	1	0	1	4	3	1	0	10	9	10	131
Year	39.94	29.01	32.75	41.75	29.4875	0.10	25	17	30	60	54	23	10	131				

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Title and Index to our last Volume, will be ready next Saturday.

* He has sung Bacchus, Warriors, and Love, and if your verdict is favourable, he will sing your Court!

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

(By the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain.)

ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES: Illustrated on a Grand Transparent Orrery, splendid Planisphere, and other original Instruments, by Mr. GOODRICE, on Monday the 14th, Wednesday the 16th, and Friday the 18th instant.

Bates, 5s. 6d. Pit, 2s. Lower Gallery, 2s. Upper ditto, 1s. Further information to be had from the Bills of the Day, and of the Lecturer.

*. * The Theatre is well aired.

10, Pantion Street, Haymarket.

COSMORAMA.—A View of the Interior of Westminster Abbey, taken at the moment of the Coronation, by Mr. MACKENZIE, is now exhibiting. And on Monday next, a General View of Rome, one of the Piazza Naronna, the finest Square in Rome, and a View of Breghetta on the Lake of Constance, to be placed instead of the two Views of the Pantheon and that of St. Helena, which will be removed. The Cosmorama is composed of eight Panoramic Views, represented with the most perfect illusion, a part of which will be changed on the first Monday in every Month.—Open from 11 o'clock in the morning till 9 at night. Admission 1s.

No. 29, St. James's Street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 1 vol. 8to. with Maps, Plates, and Vignettes,
Price 3l. 15s. 6d. boards.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE, through the Countries of Bashan and Gilead, East of the River Jordan; including a Visit to the Cities of Geraza and Samala, in the Decapolis.

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Member of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, and of the Literary Societies of Madras and Bombay.
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"His volume is both interesting and valuable, in more than an ordinary degree. He has been enabled to suggest some important corrections of geographical errors, and to add considerably to our knowledge of the more distant and less frequented regions."

Eclectic Review, Jan. 1822.

"Mr. Buckingham has given ample proof in the course of this volume of his activity, resolution, energy, and observation."—*British Critic*, for Dec. 1821.

CATECHISMS FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

By C. IRVING, LL.D. Holyrood House, Southampton.

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, London, at 1s. each, with illustrative Copper-plate Engravings:—

History of England	Roman Antiquities
Roman History	Grecian Antiquities
Grecian History	Jewish Antiquities
Universal History	Mythology
Sacred History	Classical Biography
Natural History	British Constitution
Geography of England and Wales	Chemistry
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